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E. M. Forster: A Man with a View

BY GEORGE DANGERFIELD

"ONLY in the south, where a group of fists and fingers are thrust up through the soil, is the endless expanse interrupted. These fists and fingers are the Marabar Hills, containing the extraordinary caves." This quotation is taken from E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India"; and, if one makes the passage back from India to England, and from topography to literature, it comes in very usefully. It can be applied to those English writers who have broken the undulating curve of letters with certain criticisms of contemporary civilization. Mr. John Strachey, for instance, is a fist; so is Mr. Harold Laski. Mr. Wells is a fist with a finger in it, moving dubiously from left to right. Mr. E. M. Forster is a finger, which points—not sanctimoniously and not with too much hope — upward. But, in the case of Mr. Forster, a mirage is apt to interfere; and then we discover that the finger which we thought was pointing upward has reversed itself and is pointing downward instead.

E. M. FORSTER

"What we find here is a marvellous observation and a marvellous ear, plus a sly and sometimes demure wit, a wit that looks at the world from under its lids."

Mr. Forster is, in many ways, a disconcerting writer. I imagine that few critics would deny him a leading place among modern English novelists. Rose Macaulay has just produced a book about him which, since it expresses the admiration of an intelligent woman for an intelligent man, is a very readable and civilized book.* But how little, really, has Mr. Forster done to deserve such a tribute! Before the war, between 1905 and 1911, he produced four novels and a volume of short stories; then after a silence of thirteen years came "A Passage to India," his masterpiece; then silence again. This is not at all what we expect from a leading novelist. We look for fecundity and regularity. We demand that he shall be with novel at least every two years, until he is honorably worn out. Very few writers whom we appreciate actually live up to this demand, but most of them try a little harder than Mr. Forster has. And yet Mr. Forster is, in relation to his contemporaries, a major novelist.

Infrequent fertility, however, is not the only charge that one must bring against him. There is another, far, far more serious: it is often very difficult to discover what he is driving at. His characters are drawn with a singular clarity, that is true; their conversations are like scores, so naturally is his ear attuned to the casual music of the human mind. The incidents, too, are perspicuous and exciting. When you have finished one of his novels, you are in no doubt about what has happened, and the people who inhabit them continue their life in your memory. And yet—and yet—something has eluded you. Mr. Montgomery Belgion, writing in the London *Criterion*, found this something so very elusive that, after expressing his bewilderment in page after page of close print, he could only reach the conclusion that Mr. Forster had a pact with the devil. Even Miss Macaulay, a skillful analyst, does not seem to me quite to have put her finger upon what it is, though she has pointed her finger at it.

I do not know that I can put my finger on it, either, but I think it is this. I think that in Mr. Forster you can discover, more so than in any of his contemporaries, the mysterious operations of the liberal temperament. Discovery, alas, is not understanding; and that is why there is always something elusive in his books.

I do not offer "liberal temperament" as an exact phrase. It is vague and unscientific. But it must serve to express an element in human living which is likely to have such an extended mortality that we might as well call it eternal. It has very little to do with Liberal with a big L; had Mr. Forster been a Liberal, he would have written very different novels before the war, and "A Passage to India" would have had a different conclusion altogether.

Isolated from the innumerable other human elements which interpenetrate it, the liberal temperament would appear to be something which offers a Protest, but not a Plan. It demands the unattainable—namely, freedom; and whenever it finds that freedom is in danger, which is always, it protests. If you ask it, "What shall we do, then, to attain freedom?," its answers are cloudy; it talks about Truth rather than instruments of production. But always, all through history, it has protested against what it conceives to be tyranny—the gods, God, the Church, the divine right of kings, slavery, convention, narrow-mindedness, the Obscene Libel laws. It is highly individualistic and its eye is forever on the future, the very distant, the almost impossibly remote future when mankind will no longer be tangled in the apparatus of government or so-

*THE WRITINGS OF E. M. FORSTER. By Rose Macaulay. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Next Week

TIDES OF MONT ST. MICHEL
By ROGER VERCEL
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

COMBINED EDITION OF THE WORKS OF DOROTHY SAYERS
Reviewed by Katharine Simonds

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ciety: and if the immediate present demands action, it is more likely, figuratively speaking, to open its veins in a bath than it is to die on barricades.

If a novelist possesses this temperament, it need not interfere with his novels. On the contrary, it will merely add another element to them, which puzzles the reader, but does not annoy him. Mr. Forster's novels have their own life. And yet, as one reads them, one is aware of an extra voice, which proceeds from the characters but does not quite belong to them. It is as though they were ventriloquists who can speak from the ceiling. And what the voice seems to say is:—"This is not all. One day, we don't know when and we don't know how, perhaps a thousand years from now, perhaps never, things will be better than they are." (You get this in Chekhov sometimes and sometimes in Katharine Mansfield.) When we hear—or rather feel, for it is never very definite—this intermittent and disconcerting voice, at once aspiring and pessimistic and a little creepy, it seems as if the speakers had slipped out of their present and made a journey into the future, where we cannot follow them. But they always return, for their creator is a novelist with a temperament, not a temperament trying to write novels; and that is why, though often puzzled, we are rarely put out.

Forster's four pre-war novels are four variations, increasing in depth and subtlety, upon a single theme. That theme is the necessity for personal relationship, a necessity, moreover, almost entirely confined to the upper middle classes. Stated baldly like this it sounds like a rather tired and rather fashionable sermon; yet it would be difficult to find a protest more passionate than the one contained in those four novels. In the first two—"Where Angels Fear to Tread" (1905) and "The Longest Journey" (1907)—the solution for the upper middle classes appears to be a recognition of the pagan and the earthy. In the latter two—"A Room with a View" (1908) and "Howards End" (1910)—the emphasis is on feeling, the reconciler of incompatibles, the bridge between person and person. In all, the tyrants against whom he cries are stupidity, snobbery, and muddle.

As a vantage ground from which to look backwards and forwards upon these pre-war novels, we might take the Pension Bertolini in Florence, where the opening scenes of "A Room with a View" take place. Miss Lucy Honeychurch and her middle-aged cousin Miss Charlotte Bartlett have just arrived and discover to their annoyance that the Signora is no Italian but a cockney, and that she has not given them, as promised, south rooms with a view. They discuss this—they are tired—a little shrilly at dinner; and then an elderly man leans across the table:

> "I have a view, I have a view."
> Miss Bartlett was startled. Generally at a pension people looked them over for a day or two before speaking, and often did not find out that they would "do" till they had gone. She knew that the intruder was ill-bred, even before she glanced at him. . . . So she assumed a dazed expression when he spoke to her, and then said: "A view? Oh, a view! How delightful a view is!"

It appears that the old man, who is not quite a gentleman and whose name is Emerson, is offering to give up his room. Miss Bartlett is horrified, so are the other ladies in the pension: it is exceedingly vulgar of Mr. Emerson. And so the fight begins between the forces of darkness, represented by Miss Bartlett, and the forces of light, represented by the Emersons. They are fighting for the soul of Lucy Honeychurch.

What we find here is a marvellous observation and a marvellous ear, plus a sly and sometimes demure wit, a wit that looks at the world from under its lids. The observation and the ear are evident in all four novels, the wit is more noticeable in the latter two. When all three come together they can be cruel: they can produce a Charlotte Bartlett, a Lydia Lavish, or the cultural sterility of a Cecil Vyse. They can also produce a Mrs. Honeychurch, who, in that superb scene where she and Lucy come on the vicar, Freddy, and George bathing naked in a pond, exclaims: "Bow, Lucy; better bow. Whoever is it? I shall bow." Mrs. Honeychurch is a darling. She contains more people than just herself. It is not surprising that John Van Druten, in his autobiography, should confess that on reading one speech of Mrs. Honeychurch's he burst out laughing, to the consternation of a whole railway carriage; she reminded him of his mother. She said:

> "No doubt I am neither artistic nor literary nor intellectual nor musical, but I cannot help the drawing room furniture; your father bought it, and we must put up with it, will Cecil kindly remember."

None the less, one has to admit that Mrs. Honeychurch is a darling because she is of a certain age; she is no longer a biological phenomenon. If she were younger, she might still be a darling, but intermittently she would be something else: for Mr. Forster displays considerable uneasiness about sexuality in women. He will go to any lengths to avoid it; and when it appears, its appearance is usually unpleasant. It becomes Agnes Pembroke in "The Longest Journey"; or it becomes Jacky, the pathetic and terrible Jacky, "of whom it is simplest to say that she was not respectable." The Schlegel sisters of "Howards End" are wonderful companions, but if they yield to sex it is done in such an offhand manner that we can scarcely believe that it has happened; nor do we much care for the little we *are* able to believe in. And as for Adela Quested, when, in a warm impulse, she holds Ronny Healop's hand, it simply gives you the creeps.

If, continuing with "A Room with a View," we proceed from the Pension Bertolini to the Piazza Signoria, we may perhaps discover what happens to a novelist when he attempts, as Mr. Forster does, to make things happen in the mind rather than in the body. Life—the life of the senses—gets back at him. If it cannot enter in the ordinary way as sex, then it must come in a more violent shape. It must come as a Shock. It must even come as Death. In order to get Lucy into George Emerson's embrace—a prelimi-

(*Continued on page* 14)

Face in the Laurel

By C. F. MacINTYRE

WHAT face among the parted laurel branches
rooted my feet, held my rash eyes in awe?
The smile sidereal, the hair blown back,
growing into the cool eternal green,
the lips half-open with the shout that called me . . .

everything that haunted me through childhood,
presences without names, lived in that face,
transfigured, real beyond the need of touching.
Yet the smooth brow's candor
was safe from the burin of perplexity.

Over earth the golden morning lay
in benediction, while her rosy pap-buds
reached the proud strength to which I clung.

How long the after-image burned my brain,
evocative, sustaining, holy,
is hidden in my son's rich patrimony,
dies in my secret, is renewed in his.

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Excellent Realism

IMAGES IN A MIRROR. By Sigrid Undset. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

AN ex-actress, married not very well and beginning to realize that time marches on, worn down by overwork, fecundity, and domesticity and inclined to miaow about it, meets an old acquaintance whose wife has divorced him; he perceives (and tells her) that she has great possibilities that her husband has neglected and for which her home gives no scope—What can be done at this late date with a story so old as that? Well, quite a lot, when it is handled by so gifted an artist as Sigrid Undset. "Images in a Mirror" (the original title was "Mrs. Hjelde") is hardly more than a novelette; but so packed with wisdom and irony that it deserves, far better than the book that bore that title, to be called "La Condition Humaine."

Not a book to be recommended to the young—it might discourage them; but the middle-aged will find in it a good deal of consolation for what cannot be helped, even if they may be distressed by Mrs. Undset's ruthless debunking of what they like to regard as their emotions. When Uni Hjelde, carrying her fourth child at

Sigrid Undset

thirty six, met Vegard Lüders (who really hadn't known her in childhood, but liked to think he had) he only thought she looked poor and pregnant; and she thought, "What a devastating bore." But later, when she had recovered her looks, they were thrown together at a mountain resort; he said things to her that her husband had stopped saying, and she began to "want to feel life as a taste in her own mouth." For a while she and Vegard were Platonic, content to sit and look together at "images in a mirror, shadows of the things that might have been"; but Nature began to take its course, Uni began calling at his apartment when they were back in town, at last she made a date that was to be definitive.

That she didn't keep it was superficially an accident, really a natural consequence of her whole life; and it led to her talking things out with her husband, getting them settled in so far as anything is ever settled. They realized that they were like two horses harnessed to one load, but they found compensation — "assurance that there was a little life left, a little blood left, which their little greedy young had not yet sucked up."

The moral might seem to be nothing more appetizing than "Take what you've got and like it"; but really it is rather "Take what you are and like it." Uni was enough of an artist to see attractions in everything, but intelligent enough to realize that you can't have everything. Vegard, certainly, was no ball of fire; but that is the point. He wasn't a home wrecker, yet he came near wrecking a home. After it was all over a woman friend told Uni, "There isn't one man in a hundred who's dangerous. It's circumstances that are dangerous, or we ourselves who have the danger in us. . . . Not one in four anyhow; I've had four lovers, and my God, how little danger there was in them!" So eventually Uni unraveled the secret of Vegard's attraction—he had given her a chance to talk about herself.

All of which is sense, however unpalatable; and its effect is reinforced by Mrs. Undset's magnificent workmanship, which subtly attacks the reader in every sense and builds up an overwhelming conviction of reality. There is only a single flaw; the gentleman who is Lüders on Page 1 is Larsen on Page 10; you don't find out why till Page 82, and then it doesn't matter.

A Fast Moving Tale

TRUMPETS AT DAWN. By Cyril Harris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

IN his brisk and stirring novel of Revolutionary New York, Mr. Harris combines the old ways of historical fiction—the gold here—the pretty heroine—and their usual side-dishes of battles, important personages, and famous events—with the solid historical research that characterizes such novelists as Walter Edmonds and Kenneth Roberts. And while his work is neither as rich as Mr. Edmonds's nor with the narrative sweep of Mr. Roberts's "Trumpets at Dawn" is a readable, fast-moving narrative, with a great deal of vivid color and honest detail.

It covers the eight-year period from 1775 to 1783. There are two bold heroes—best friends—and two pretty heroines. There is plenty of adventure—battles—spying—an excellent prison—escape. We catch glimpses of Washington—not the Washington of Parson Weems, by the way—we are present at André's execution and Cornwallis's surrender. What is more important, perhaps, we learn how a rather typical group of New Yorkers (and others) from Will Honeyman the pump-maker to Horatio Wyatt, the Tory mer-

Cyril Harris

chant, thought, felt, and suffered during turbulent years. Mr. Harris has been able to retell the stock story of the boy who quits his Tory family for the cause of liberty, and yet keep the Tory family both human and convincing. For which, in itself, he deserves congratulations. Though, queerly enough, and perhaps not entirely according to Mr. Harris's plan, the most original and best-drawn character in the book is the rebellious pump-maker, Will Honeyman. He is American to his fingertips, in both his faults and his virtues, and revolutions are made from him. As for the four young people who carry the burden of the action, they are well enough differentiated for their purposes and pleasant to read about. When Mr. Harris attempts a deeper study of one of them, in the later development of Sam Wyatt, he is not, I think, entirely successful. And Sam's sister comes out more alive, for some reason, than the patient Hannah. But the reader will find them an interesting and adventurous quartette—and learn a good deal of American history on the way.

We are always trying to revalue the past and see it a little plainer. Mr. Harris would not, I am sure, claim any portentous significance for "Trumpets at Dawn." But it is by honest work, such as his—honest in viewpoint and its search to get beyond old legendary preconceptions and fables—that we get to know the past better. I hope he will go on.

Stephen Vincent Benét is the author of "John Brown's Body."

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Still a Man's World

THREE GUINEAS. By Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by AGNES ALLEN

MRS. WOOLF'S book is required reading for all women of the educated class. If it is marked "recommended" instead of "required" reading for their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons, that does not mean that the masculine reader will not profit handsomely from it, but merely indicates that "Three Guineas" is first of all a challenge to thoughtful women.

The book takes its title from three letters that Mrs. Woolf received, each with a request for a guinea. One was from the treasurer of a society asking her opinion on how to prevent war and how to preserve culture and intellectual liberty. One was from the treasurer of a woman's college. One was from the treasurer of a society to help professional women obtain employment. The book, itself, is a threefold answer to these letters, showing the interdependence of the three requests and stating the terms on which the three guineas should be given.

Virginia Woolf

With remorseless logic, buttressed with sober historical fact and illuminated with her lambent, exquisite style, Mrs. Woolf reviews the course of education in England, the policies of the Church, the progress of the professions, the growth of the press, the development of the arts—the whole fabric of the essentially *male* civilization of England—and the parallel subjugation of the daughters of educated men; and shows the failure of the English to achieve freedom, equality, and peace. It is a formidable argument, and concludes with an unexpected and radical admonition to women.

Many professed and professional feminists will be surprised and disturbed by Mrs. Woolf's strictures on some of their very aims. Her sword does not sleep in her hand, and its edge is sharpened to such a razor keenness that her thrusts are like those of the fabled executioner's blade that could sever a man's head from his body without the hapless victim's feeling it. The same women who will delight in Mrs. Woolf's charges against Oxford and Cambridge will be, possibly, dismayed at her severity on the subject of career women. For she insists that professional women must abide by four rules: (1) Poverty—they must accept for their services only money enough for that modicum of health, leisure, and knowledge which is necessary for a full life—no more; (2) Chastity—they must not sell their brains for money; (3) Derision—they must refuse to submit to any form of advertising, and prefer obscurity, ridicule, even censure, to praise and fame; (4) Freedom from Unreal Loyalties—including pride of nationality, religious pride, school pride, family pride, sex pride. That's a large order.

Nor is this all—Mrs. Woolf has another surprise for the feminists. Women, she says, have a great opportunity, but they must operate secretly and individually as *outsiders*. They have a powerful weapon to combat war if only they will use it. The weapon is active indifference. If they refuse to nurse the wounded and make munitions, if they will give neither the white feather of cowardice nor the red feather of courage to men, their power will be tremendous. If women will regard themselves as citizens, not of one country but of the world, they will have great political influence. If they will investigate and publicly criticize the great public societies like the Church and the universities (which, as taxpayers they support) as thoroughly as they investigate the private institutions to which they voluntarily contribute, they can make a noble place for themselves, and render an important service to society.

Mrs. Woolf charges the women of what we call the privileged class to work for freedom, equality, and peace, and to work diligently by the means available to their sex, their tradition, and their education; for the public world and the private world are inseparably connected, and the tyrannies and servilities of one are the tyrannies and servilities of the other.

Tall Tales

I SWEAR BY APOLLO. By William E. Aughinbaugh, M.D. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

SINCE Axel Munthe's "The Story of San Michele" there has been a spate of medical memoirs, and many have made extremely good reading, though there seems to have been a tendency among their authors to tell continually taller tales. "I Swear by Apollo" bears considerable resemblance to Heiser's "An American Doctor's Odyssey" in that the narrators of both are successful medical men who have traveled widely and found humor in grisly episodes that would harrow most of us; both, too, have had the art to harrow and charm us at the same time. "I Swear by Apollo" has far less of medicine in it than Dr. Heiser's book, but it has a greater gentleness and tolerance; it lacks the famous names but is equally vivid with adventure.

Dr. Aughinbaugh, the son of a nun, began travelling when at the age of eleven he ran away to sea. He studied medicine in Washington later, and because he was poor and anatomy specimens were hard to acquire he organized the Hippocratic Exhumation Corporation for the disinterment of the recently dead. This gruesome beginning to his career was followed by an apprenticeship in a penal institution where it was his job to examine the hanged criminals the moment they fell through the trap. He practised for a while in a small Virginia town, but the desire for travel urged him on again, and soon he was doing pioneer service among the lepers of Cuba and Venezuela, rounding them up and alleviating their misery in the days before the discovery of chaulmoogra oil. He went to India then as one of the First Indian Plague Commission, and became incidentally a Rajah's physician, whose duty it was to attend the eight hundred wives and concubines. But the axes of the eunuchs who attended him were not nearly the danger he encountered next as physician on a ship laden with cholera-stricken and lunatic pilgrims to Mecca. Drifting up to the Gaspé peninsula, he hobnobbed with a blacksmith-doctor who slit live cats and clapped them like hats upon his patients, and down to Mexico, where he had started an American hospital, and had some close brushes with Pancho Villa's men.

There is an adventure per page in his book, and there are many pages. He narrowly escaped the eruption of Mount Pelée in Martinique and was on the first relief ship to the island. He was wrecked on a train and enabled to minister to the suffering with the morphine generously offered by an addict. Madmen, perverts, killers of varying ingenuity sweep through his pages, and when a personal paragraph grows dull, he revives it with the dangerous or amusing adventure of one of his friends. Though his tales are tall, they are generally credible; it is therefore unfortunate that such a grand one as that of the bathtub full of fighting fish should be spoiled by the doubtful statement that they quickly killed each other. He is also mistaken in thinking that leeches are uncommon in American pharmacies, and that couvade—that quaint custom of the father going to bed with the newborn child—is widespread in Bolivia. But these are details in an excellent autobiography which concludes as delightfully as it began, with the gentler adventures of the author's elder years in Washington Square.

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The World of Nature

OUR AMAZING EARTH. By Carroll Lane Fenton. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $4.50.

Reviewed by PAUL B. SEARS

THIS is a good job of presenting the principles of geology for the intelligent layman—good even by the standards of a subject which has better traditions of popular writing than some of its sister sciences. Somehow men bred in the traditions of Lyell, Geikie, Powell, Rice, Newberry, and Chamberlin, equally competent to work for Uncle Sam, Harvard, or Harry Sinclair, don't go around mumbling to themselves as some of the rest of us do.

The book has a lot of stuff in it—a great deal more in fact than the average student will ever remember from an ordinary year's course in geology. Yet it is precisely what he would like to remember, if he had a choice. Minerals, dynamics, fossils, earth history all get a share of attention and are explained in language that can be understood without a headache. There are plenty of good pictures, too, including pen drawings by the author and photographs by his wife.

But quite as notable as the things which are in the book are those which have been left out. That, by the way, is praise, not censure. You will scan the index in vain for the words "petroleum," "gold," and "diamonds." But I'll wager that if you know what is in the book, it will take a slick promoter to make a sucker of you.

Perhaps because he isn't a professor, Dr. Fenton has escaped that ghastly neurosis of the teacher. It spoils most lectures, many students, and a great deal of conversation in academic circles. It is the fear-that-you-won't-tell-all-you-know, from which the Good Lord deliver us!

On the heels of such books as "The Earth for Sam," "Down to Earth," and "The Story of Geology," any popularization of geology has fast company to step into. I should say that the present book has as great a potential audience as any of those named.

In many ways the book forms an interesting contrast to Hogben's remarkable volume, "Science for the Citizen," which was recently published in England and is about due to be issued in this country. Hogben's work conveys an immense amount of scientific information, basing it all on the social and cultural origin of science. This is in accord with the new interpretation of the history of science which removes it from the social vacuum where it has been enshrined. It marks the beginning of a revolution in the teaching of science to the general public at least.

Dr. Fenton makes no more than the scantiest acknowledgment of the social background of his subject. He pictures theory as being passed along from one giant to the next, tempered at each toss. With the social and economic forces which were brought to bear upon the study of fossils and earth change and which led to the surveys of this continent, he is not concerned. But I should like to defend him against the probable charge of being too naive. Whatever the social origins and commitments of science may be, unless men can be free to study such matters as rocks and their changes just because they want to do that and nothing else, science and its benefits will not endure.

In the interpretation of science there is still room for books wholly preoccupied with the world of nature, as it seems to man to exist outside of himself.

Paul B. Sears is the author of "Deserts on the March."

Courtesy Santa Fe System

Rainbow Bridge, one of the great natural wonders of Utah, was shaped by a desert stream. (From "Our Amazing Earth.")

Great Centers of Learning

THE MEDIAEVAL UNIVERSITIES. By Nathan Schachner. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by C. D. ABBOTT

THE development of organized centers of learning during the Middle Ages is a subject capable of very nearly inexhaustible amplification. "Write the history of the great universities, and you have an almost complete history of medieval thought and culture, of theology and philosophy, of legal and medical achievements," Mr. Schachner writes in the opening paragraphs of this book, and then proceeds to describe their modest and seemingly haphazard beginnings, to trace their growth through change after change, and to explain their dependence on and importance to church and state. It is an absorbing story, rich with human endeavor, of teachers struggling to understand the knowledge of the past and to adapt it to a new world, of students battling democratically for their rights, of the brilliant Abelard revolutionizing the thought of an age and of Thomas Aquinas transforming Aristotle to the satisfaction of a powerful church. Never since have universities played so directly important a part in great affairs, but in a world dominated by religion their approval was vital to church and state alike and was the source of their extraordinary power. With the weakening of papal authority and with the decline of scholastic philosophy, their strength lost its immediacy, and they gradually became the less insistent seats of learning such as we have today.

Mr. Schachner chronicles their expansive age with the enthusiasm that makes a lively book. He concentrates, quite rightly, upon Paris, Bologna, and Oxford as the three universities most typical of various aspects of academic growth. He writes clearly and briefly even when he is dealing with problems of abstruse theological thought, and he is particularly engaging in his accounts of student life. He is not supplanting Rashdall's magnificent and scholarly work, upon which, like every other medievalist, he draws copiously, but he is writing afresh the history of a great institution in a popular fashion calculated to interest the non-professional reader.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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A Novelist's Apprenticeship

IN a little book on "The Technique of the Novel," published some years ago and now about to be reissued, Basil Hogarth, along with a number of remarks which could well be taken to heart by the intending novelist, hazards the dubious statement,"While you ought to read as much fiction as possible, there is scarcely any necessity to read as models any writers farther back than Stevenson or Gissing. As a practical man of letters your concern is rather with your immediate contemporaries than with the illustrious names of literary history."

Now, we submit that as a practical man of letters the concern of the novelist is with the best that his art has produced, and that to ignore such writers as Jane Austen and Dickens, Thackeray and Balzac, Turgeniev and Stendhal is to give himself a handicap that no amount of immersion in Meredith and Hardy, Galsworthy and Wells and Arnold Bennett is going to overcome. As Mr. Hogarth says, "an apprenticeship is as desirable in the craft of fiction as in every other art." No one will dispute it, and the writer worth his salt will hold himself at least in one regard an apprentice all his days, an apprentice to life. But in his more early period, when he is seeking to master the technique of his trade, he must go to the books of those who have written before him, and, as Mr. Hogarth says, dissect them, as the medical student would a cadaver, in order to understand the methods and the scope of the novel. And why should not the novice believe that he will be the better off for serving his apprenticeship with the great rather than with the near great or the second-rate? As a practical man of letters his concern is with the contemporary scene, if it is of society as he knows it that he wishes to write, but as a student of the art of fiction his concern is only with his contemporaries in so far as they have more to add to his skill than their predecessors can provide.

No doubt Mr. Hogarth's repudiation of the classics rests on a fear of the academic, and the fear is the more curious in that he is an Englishman not an American. The more curious, because it is American literature not English that has most greatly suffered from too great regard for the established. Indeed, until recent years the American novel, with a few notable exceptions, has always been in bondage to the English model, and has repeated, transferred to another scene, the conventions and tabus of an older society. Not until the end of the war or immediately thereafter did it completely emerge from its swaddling clothes, and, casting off the vestments of its English inheritance, stride forth in a lusty manhood of its own. A Cooper, a Hawthorne, a Poe had been sporadic divergents from a general trend who lent luster to American letters, but until the war aroused the American writer to a vehement concern in the native scene the novel very generally in this country aped the English original. Some realists we had, to be sure, men like William Dean Howells and Hamlin Garland, who penetrated more deeply into American life and pictured a monotony of existence which their countrymen in general did not descry, but their diatribes were, in the light of later days, gentlemanly and gentle ones. Then came the war and the great disillusionment, and "all the sad young men" fell as if by concert upon the small town and stripped it of its affability, waged battle against the conventions, and proclaimed a new freedom for their generation.

Theirs was a literature that battened on its own ill-temper, and that from discontent went to invective. It inveighed not only against what it regarded as the fatuous smugness of American society, but it excoriated those it held responsible for pulling the wool over the eyes of the American people. And it ended by seeing America, if not as the worst of all possible places in the worst of all possible worlds, at least as a country that had betrayed its own high destiny by a surrender to a surface well-being. American fiction was suddenly precipitated from a milk-and-water stage into vinegar. From the novelists, the astringent criticism of their country spread to the younger intelligentsia in general until there was a considerable group of young men and women who assumed wry looks at any mention of the national background.

Now part of the trouble with the work of these novelists who, however admirable the pioneers among them had been in stripping the veil of complacency from the minds of the public, counted among their numbers many of circumscribed vision, was the fact that they looked at society in the immediacy of their own reactions. Their work had direction but not perspective; it had vigor but not balance. It might have had more of both perspective and balance if its authors had repaired as a model to the works of the great novelists where lance was ever in rest against the injustices or follies or foibles of society but where the pageant of life was reflected in its tragic and noble dignity as well as in its pathetic lapses and contemptible cheapness. There they might have become persuaded that that art is the most effective and the longest lived which from the contemporary can snatch the universal, and which projecting the ills of the moment in the ugliness or the sadness that is their own, yet sees them in their proper relation to the general march of human life. An apprenticeship to the great novelists might have taught them that perspective and proportion are a part of art, and that what lends preëminence to fiction is not passion but vision, and the ability to interpret vision with eloquence and truth. The technique of fiction can never be properly divorced from these higher aspects of the art, and to admonish the student to take for his model only the lesser writers instead of those gifted above their fellows in comprehension of life and the power to depict living is to preach to him arrant nonsense.

There has been too much of this demoting of the gods of old in recent times for the good of literature. The American critics who scored our national fiction on the ground of its being derivative and urged our novelists to write in the national idiom did a needed and proper work; the authors who pricked the bubble of American self-satisfaction by what was on the whole a warped literature accomplished a notable task. But those who not only proclaimed these authors the standard bearers of letters but saw in all work done in another manner from their own an outworn pattern, did the writers as well as the public nothing but a disservice. Time is already ranging many of these recent novels in the category of social history rather than of art, and will before long be relegating them to the comparative desuetude of the reference shelves. Even now it is shifting into oblivion some of the writings which Mr. Hogarth prefers over the classics, while leaving the latter still acceptedly great. And it is still from the latter, not from the former that the would-be writer of fiction has most to learn. For no matter how much the more economical in his use of characters J. D. Beresford may be than was Dickens, and no matter what the faults of the latter that can be pointed out to the student, there is in the exuberance, the humor, and the profusion of "The Pickwick Papers" that which is of far more value to the potential novelist than the "The House in Demetrius Street" can afford. And for all that F. Marion Crawford's novels may be "a remarkable evidence of complete and convincing characterization," there is still more to be got in the delineation of personality from the study of an Emma or an Elizabeth than from that of a Pietro Ghisleri. No one ever yet went wrong in serving an apprenticeship to a master instead of a lesser man.

A. L.

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Letters to the Editor: *On Reading a Classic in Foreign Lands*

Travels of Hajji Baba

SIR:—Hajji Baba "is best read as pure enjoyment, little by little, and over an extended period."

Thanks to a friend with whom I lived in China and who has given me the splendiferous Random House edition, so handsomely illustrated by Baldridge, Hajji Baba lives again in my home. I can conceive of no choice which would bring as much enjoyment, a little at a time, as Morier's classic.

Leaving London for Paris on St. Catherine's Day, 1924, I picked up "a copy of Hajji (in the minuscule World's Classics edition edited by Mr. C. W. Stewart)," partly to pass the time en route to the boulevards where the Catherinettes, that night, would dance and kiss but also because it seemed worth while to celebrate the centenary of the novel by owning it. My path had often crossed that of Hajji Baba but, like yourself, I had never read the volume through.

That pocket-size friend often traveled with me after that but my next entry inside the cover was "Reading it at Leninakan, Armenia: July 25, 1926."

Later entries are "Reading it on a 'hard seat' train to Mineralnye Vodi, Aug. 6, 1926. Reading the chapter (XXXVII) on Mariam's jump from the Serdar's palace at Erivan (now Yerevan) Sept. 25, 1926. Reading it at Angora (Ankara), Turkey, Dec. 2, 1927. Reading it at Broussa at start of Anatolia trip, Oct. 5, 1928. Reading it on the Bosporus the day after the ice blockade of March 1, 1929. Reading it on Meshed, May 17, 1931. Reading it at Peking after crossing Asia on Citroën-Haardt Expedition, Feb. 14, 1932."

One reason for this constant companionship along the trail of Hajji Baba, Marco Polo, and the Silk Route was the small size of the Humphrey Milford edition. But "pure enjoyment over an extended period" is reason enough.

It is not likely that many Americans have read "Hajji Baba" from one edge of Asia to the other for only three have ever made the complete crossing from the Mediterranean to the Yellow Sea and the minuscule edition was not published in time for Allen and Sachtleben to carry it across Asia on their bicycles in 1919 to 22.

The pleasure of reading Hajji Baba at Tehran; at Kabul; at Tokat, where Peregrine Persic met the Hajj; at Constantinople, where Morier served as diplomat, and at Smyrna, where he was born, has been such that I echo your reverent sentiment, "I kiss your knee."

Not that all this matters a darn. But it does indicate that Hajji Baba still has honor in his own country.

Thanks to the clairvoyant art of that persistent student and traveler, Cyrus Le Roy Baldridge, and the skill of the Haddon Craftsmen, Hajji Baba now swaggers forth in the best dress he ever knew. Thus presented, he should rival Mickey Mouse, or "swing," as a "fashionable tonic."

Salaam aleikum, ya Sidi!

MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

Washington, D. C.

"This speed-up is killing my style!"

In Reply to Mr. Embree

SIR:—Your recent article, "Can College Graduates Read?", by E. R. Embree is a negative answer to the question based on a Carnegie report on the schools and colleges of Pennsylvania. On the whole the writer's thesis is a challenge to the profession of teaching. None of its membership receive commendatory statements except men who had taught Mr. Embree at Yale. One judges from his paper that the profession has done and is doing nothing to correct conditions which the writer describes.

Without long study and investigation no teacher in the ranks would attempt to discuss the accuracy of a Carnegie report or to make a categorical statement on the fairness of Mr. Embree's sampling of the work of the elementary schools. However, she is safe in saying that he does not appear to be familiar with a large section of professional literature. He overlooks the work of educators of the type of H. C. Morrison of Chicago and the late H. L. Miller of Wisconsin who advocated doing away with the traditional "lesson-learning, lesson-hearing" type of school procedure. For many years school systems have attempted, within the scope of their facilities, to provide for individual differences among students. The recent, far-reaching Center-Persons study is the culmination of educators' understanding of the importance of remedial reading. Most school systems today provide for a procedure of life guidance for young people in order to prevent aimless rote learning and "course" teaching.

It is to be admitted that secondary and elementary schools have been more ready to adopt new procedures than the more slowly-moving colleges and universities. However, the first two items of the four-point program advocated by the Carnegie report and Mr. Embree are already well under way at the University of Wisconsin which carries on a careful prognosis of high school seniors in the state and has ample facilities to assist its own students in making a tentative forecast of their achievement. This same Middle Western university through its history has guided its students in using libraries and laboratories in order that life may be made more full.

THERESA LITTLE.

Milwaukee, Wis.

A Good Latin Word

SIR:—In a review of Oliver St. John Gogarty's "I Follow St. Patrick" which appeared in this week's *S.R.L.*, Mr. Ernest Boyd writes as follows: ". . . I learned something vastly more interesting to American readers, to wit, that the strangest thing about the banner 'with a strange device' was the word 'Excelsior.'" "There is no such word in Latin. . . . It may have been 'altius' Longfellow was trying to say." Thus a learned priest, Father Paddy. Well, Father, the comparative of *excelsus* is *excelsior,* according to Cicero, and the comparative of *altus* is *altior,* according to Cicero, Vergil, and Quintilian. What sort of word is *altius*?

Well, Mr. Boyd, if you really want to know, *altius* is the same sort of word as *excelsior* and *altior;* to wit, a perfectly good Latin word employed, among others, by Pliny, Martial, Sallust, Vergil, Seneca, Quintilian, Tacitus, and Cicero. True it is a comparative adverb, not a comparative adjective, and the cleric you sought to stand in the corner may have been either pedantic or mistaken in thinking an adverb preferable to an adjective in the context, as he was certainly mistaken in finding *excelsior* not Latin. But you can check the Latinity of *altius* by referring to any first year Latin text that contains the usual number of paradigms.

A FIRST FORM LATIN PUPIL.

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John Bull's Own Island

WITH MALICE TOWARD SOME. By Margaret Halsey. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1938. $2.00.

Reviewed by ANGELICA GIBBS

NOT very long ago a young American spent a year in England, on an exchange professorship at a small college. It is probably just as well that the people of the small Devonshire town in which he settled did not know that his wife was the possessor of a notebook and of a fountain pen which leaked vitriol from every pore. The fact of the notebook would not have disturbed them in the least, but it would have been a pity to have blurred by the least tinge of self-consciousness the portraits which finally emerged from it.

Margaret Halsey

Here, in diary form, is England in general and English village life in particular, set down in a typically American manner. It would not be quite fair to call it a series of wisecracks, although Margaret Halsey is addicted, to put it mildly, to this particular brand of humor. She is a very keen observer, and so thoroughly averse to putting her observations into plain language, that at times her sentences almost break down under their load of bright new similes.

Perhaps this is all to the good, since the subjects she takes up are ones about which Americans have been whimpering from the time that the first visiting Yankee was exposed to the British version of civilization. English food, English conversation, the clothes that Englishwomen wear, and the way they treat their servants, the sad and funny aspects of the caste system in a small village, and the English talent for evasion in the face of anything unpleasant have all been criticized before, just as the serene tempo of British life, and the beauty of the countryside have been praised. All of these things are reiterated here, but somehow they manage to sound brand new; partly because Margaret Halsey hasn't an ounce of the snobbish awe which many Americans try to conceal when they write satiric sketches about England, and partly because she has a real talent for acidly photographic thumbnail sketches of the people she meets.

She is at her best—and least pixie—when she breaks loose from village life and tells of the trips she and her husband took on their vacations; tours of the cathedral towns, a week in London, a short visit to Norway and Sweden (the latter under the competent if rather glum auspices of a young guide who was "suffering a natural reaction from meeting three boatloads a day of Mr. Childs's readers"); and a Christmas in Paris. These parts of the book prove that she can be straightforward, very funny, and often just as informative as a guidebook, if in a slightly unorthodox way, since her information is of the variety which is likely to be remembered long after the facts in a guidebook have collapsed under their own weight.

A Beguiling Novel

NIGHTINGALE WOOD. By Stella Gibbons. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

"COLD Comfort Farm" was hailed by its discoverers as the most delightful bit of ironic spoofing that had appeared in many a day. In this, Miss Gibbons's latest book, the spoofing is less obvious, but the story's appeal I think should be wider, and certainly no one need fear that her satiric wit has lost any of its edge.

The scene of the tale is Sible Pelden, a typical English village. Here, retired in dreary comfort, live an appalling old-fashioned father, his brow-beaten wife, and their two repressed maiden daughters — a family now forced to offer board and shelter to the widow of their tasteless son. In the village lives also a snobbish county family whose heir is the Prince Charming of the dreams of the proletariat and capitalist maids alike; and filling in the interstices of middle-class and gentry is the group of villagers — always lively, and often bawdy.

The theme is—deliberately of course—the old Cinderella one; the main plot that was so often chosen by the Victorian "Duchess" and her ilk. Viola, foolish and most feminine little shop-girl, after many vicissitudes wins away from his heartless financée the hand and fortune of her dream prince. But Miss Gibbons, with impish guile, has used this slender thread on which to suspend a galaxy of characters through whom she can ridicule with penetrating wit a host of English institutions. She has a beautiful time with Victorian middle-class meanness, Freudian elaboratenesses, the pseudo-aristocracy and snobbery of the post-war rich, the British brand of male conceit, the horrors of the ultra-respectable English tea-party; and against these she opposes the heartening earthiness and gusto of the common folk. And there are moments when Miss Gibbons drops her satire and gives us a glimpse of a tender as well as an understanding heart, as in the poignant love of fading, thirty-plus Tina for the youthful chauffeur, Saxon.

Stella Gibbons

If Miss Gibbons's eyes seem at times to have some of the disconcerting quality of X-rays, the fact that they are always tilted in laughter prevents even her malicious observations from becoming formidable. Her talent is that of a born cartoonist. Like the cartoon artist she can spot human folly even when it skulks many inches below the surface and like him the apparent simplicity of her art may well be deceptive.

It is possible therefore for the casual reader to ignore much of the satire and still find "Nightingale Wood" an amusing novel. It has plenty of action, is sufficiently sexy, and has a delightfully happy ending. To the sophisticated reader it offers an evening's entertainment enlivened by many chuckles and the pleasures of contact with a brilliant, streamlined young mind.

Salvation by Deed

MR. DESPONDENCY'S DAUGHTER. By Anne Parrish. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1938. $2.50.

WE have it on authority that no man by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature, but Miss Parrish writes of a woman who did just that. Her clinging selfishness (unconscious, to be sure) had successively ruined the lives of her father, her governess, her husband, her maid, her best friends, and her children; but at sixty she psychoanalyzed herself, regenerated herself, and saved her soul—though too late to do much good to anybody else.

How probable this is, whether the shock of hearing herself described as "a woman who had once been beautiful" would have been enough to detonate such far-reaching reforms, is a problem for psychiatrists. The lay reader foreseeing in the first few pages what is going to happen (or even earlier if he reads the jacket), will be chiefly interested in the skill with which Miss Parrish gradually creates sympathy for a woman who, objectively regarded, was the most poisonous type of refined and godly bitch. But it doesn't seem quite fair to throw the blame back on her father, who had brought her up wrong. Who brought father up wrong? Or his father?—and so on, ad infinitum. If Thou shouldst mark iniquity, O Lord, who should stand? But if Thou shouldst accept alibis, O Lord, who hasn't got one? A society that cannot run on alibis has to make some discriminations if it would survive.

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Reconstruction in Texas

. . . AND TELL OF TIME. By Laura Krey. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1938. $2.75.

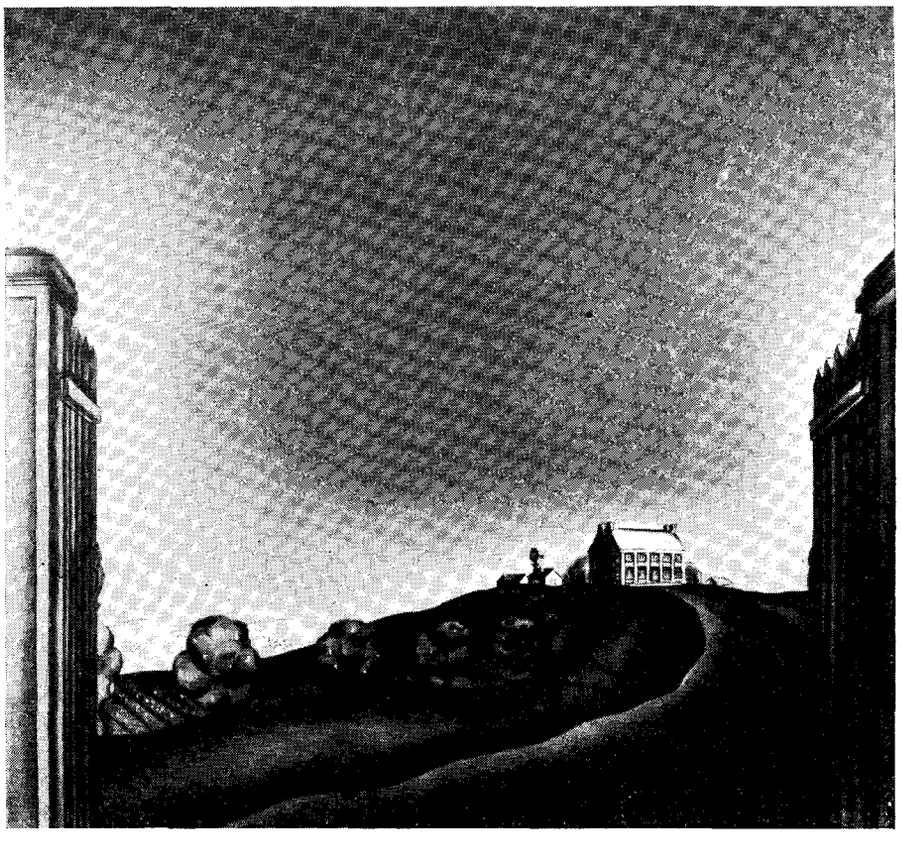
Reviewed by JOHN H. MCGINNIS

IN the romantic overture of this novel about Reconstruction in the Brazos Valley, the young hero, Cavin Darcy, turned his face toward Texas after Appomattox, his faithful body servant with him. "The black boy was following his master, and his master was hunting for Danville and the flat cars" that might take them part of the way back. Footsore, they were tempted to visit some of Cavin's Georgia cousins on their way home.

Cavin found his cousins roughly handled by the war. Their father, an officer recently killed in the fighting around Atlanta, had been carried by his son Shelby back to the family burial plot—at night, for the plantation was within the Union lines. The mother had died not long before. One of the girls had lost her lover in the war; and Sherman's army had gutted the plantation, although the plantation house was left standing. Cavin tarried to help them set things straight and make a new start; but soon falling in love with his cousin Lucina—eighteen—he easily persuaded her to make her new start with him in Texas. His father, an army surgeon, back at his plantations and his practice on the Brazos, sent money for passage from Savannah to Galveston.

Sherman had hardly left behind him the background for a Southern wedding, but some of the wanted properties had been buried in a pit at Sherman's approach. Although the pit was damp, the damage was considerably less than anyone expected. The sheets and blankets were yellow and mildewed; but the portraits that had hung on the parlor walls were unharmed. There was a keg of wine, a lamp half full of oil, candles, and a barrel of silver and dishes. A neighbor came in to make Lucina's wedding dress, the bridegroom borrowed a nearly new uniform; the slaves were slinking sheepishly back, and here was Uncle Peter again, the family's former coachman, to hold Shelby's horse Eagle for him to mount and carry invitations to the countryside. They were married, and rode off toward Savannah behind a span of horses Sherman's cavalry didn't need.

Summer is turning to autumn as the ship *Mary Frances* nears Galveston Bay, and a storm that welcomed Lucina to the Gulf Coast country introduces the note of realism, so far alien to the novel. Mrs. Krey's realization of the Texas scene is at least equal to that of any other novelist who has tried the Texas background, and flashes of vivid but unaffected poetry fit naturally into her straightforward colloquial prose. Cavin's father greets his son at the end of the journey, ready to turn the plantations over to his son.



Jacket design for ". . . and Tell of Time"

Reconstruction in Texas—the primary objective of the novel—was as ghastly in Texas as it was anywhere and the novelist (who is frankly an apologist for the planter caste) deserves a citation for the restraint with which she handles the long series of shameful episodes that any attempt at a realistic narrative would make it obligatory to set down. The stupidity of the scheme for punishing the lately rebellious states, the policing of the country by drunken black soldiers, the venality of the white officers, the travesty of Reconstruction courts, the effective defense of the night-riding Klan—these never become the whole of the narrative.

Somehow, in spite of the inversion of social pattern, life went on in the topsy-turvy world. That Texas was still very much a frontier society in the sixties made it a not uncongenial setting for the incredible incidents that Reconstruction provoked; life was commonly lusty on the frontier, and variations from the mores imposed by general opinion in settled societies seem in frontier history gargantuan in scale; so that the motley family of children that Cavin collected—his much younger half-brothers and sisters, adopted strays and waifs, kin and not kin added to his own progeny—belongs as much to a frontier setting as in a Reconstruction novel. It is a brilliant conception in art, and a mere impertinence to inquire how it is related to the thesis the novelist set out to develop.

The story of Cavin and Lucina and the Brazos Valley plantations is better as a novel than as an agrarian tract, however. Mrs. Krey calls Stark Young master, and doubtless means to bring some support to the persistent, though much battered ideology of "I'll Take My Stand." When she stops to philosophize she leaves unguarded gaping joints in the agrarian armor. Cavin, she thinks, "fought, and marched and hungered not to preserve slavery . . . but simply in order that a man might continue to work the earth as it pleased him. . . . He could not imagine living where he could no longer throw himself on the ground when he pleased. . . . He could not even picture a life where some other man ordered his comings and goings. . . ." It seems not to have occurred to Cavin—or to the novelist—that some millions of slaves might have shared his love of independent self-indulgence. Or again, "Already Cavin knew (after he had signed work contracts with his former slaves) that there was not going to be much difference, in actual practice, between operating his plantation this way and in the old way. . . ." It may seem to some who are especially sensitive to the problem of social justice, that there has been indeed little—too little—difference between the ante-bellum way of operating plantations and the post-bellum system.

John H. McGinnis is editor of the Southwest Review *and of* Books—New and Old *in* The Sunday Dallas News.

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*BOOK PREVIEW**

Letters of Henry Adams

Notes on Places and Affairs

Henry Adams

To Charles William Eliot

Private. WASHINGTON, 12 June, 1892.

YOUR private note of the 9th has given me much tribulation. You know that for ten years past I have not appeared in the world, even so much as in a drawing room; and the idea of facing a crowd of friends and acquaintances in order to receive a distinction troubles me more than you, who are used to such things, will readily believe.

Yet such an invitation from the College is in my eyes so nearly a command that I should face the ordeal without hesitation if I were not distressed by another and more practical difficulty. The College is singularly sparing, not to say jealous in its distinctions. Anyone on whom it confers its honors stands before the public much in the attitude of a successful candidate to the French Academy; he tacitly assumes to be the first in his profession. I cannot accept such a situation. The public would infallibly consider the degree to be given, whatever might be the expressed motive, for work done in American History; and the public, I think justly, would regard it as favoritism. I cannot stand alone before a great crowd of people, in such a position. The mere attitude would, in my conscience, be impertinent. No work of mine warrants it in itself; and still less when compared with other contemporary work. Indeed, in my opinion, the College should long ago have conferred degrees on the authors of what I consider far the first work on American history in popular and political importance that has appeared in my time; I mean the "Life of Lincoln." If I am in error, you can correct me, but as far as my literary knowledge goes, no great man of any time in any country has ever had from his contemporaries a biography that will compare with this whether in scope, taste or literary execution. Nothing that I have ever done, or ever shall do, will hold its own beside portions of the Lincoln, as for example the account of Gettysburg. The admirable character of the work, which raises it above all books of the kind; the subject, peculiarly interesting to Harvard College; the opportunity to testify respect for the fame and character of Lincoln; the chance for once to escape from the circle of University limitations, and to take a lead in guiding popular impressions; all these motives struck me as overwhelming in dictating recognition of the history. I could not without positive shame put myself in a position where I should seem to countenance the idea that any work of mine compared in importance either of purpose, of moral value, or of public interest to the singularly noble and American character of this monument to the greatest man of our time.

With Hay and Nicolay beside me I could stand up before public criticism, but alone I cannot. Please reflect on this, and give me advice. This letter is not meant for communication to the Board.

(President Eliot replied, inclosing a list of thirteen Americans to whom had been given since 1825 the Harvard LL.D., and stated that Adams's claim to this academic distinction "did not rest exclusively on your writings. You served as a teacher of History in the University for seven years; and it is accurate to say that your work here as a teacher greatly enlarged and improved the work of the University in history; and this not temporarily or during your actual presence alone, but permanently.")

To Charles William Eliot

(Private) 1603 H Street, 16 June, 1892.

Your very kind letter of the 14th leaves little opening for a reply; yet the list you sent is eloquent. Three degrees in thirty years! Palfrey was seventy three; Parkman was sixtysix; to find a precedent for your proposed honor, you must go back to Motley in 1860 before the University fairly had a standard of scholarship.

Imagine me as a critic commenting on your action. "On any proper standard," I would say, "Henry Adams has no claim to such distinction, either as instructor or author; on any French or German standard — compared for instance with Taine or von Sybel in his own branch— he holds no position in literature and still less in pedagogy; indeed in his own cool judgment he would himself go further still, and say that he had never done any work that he would have acknowledged as his own, if he could have helped it, so imperfect and inconclusive does he know it to be."

Since you deny me the right to have, or at least to hold, an opinion, I suppress it; but you should also bear in mind that you and a majority of the Board are my old friends, relations or connections, and therefore not perfectly unbiassed judges, while my attachment to the University gives me almost a claim to be heard.

Anyway the enclosed official note will show you that I must forego the honor this year. Wait till I am sixty, and then see if your mind holds.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 28 April, 1894.

I found your letter of April 11 awaiting me here last Monday. The spirit of unrest which drives me from one form of seasickness to another has hunted me this season through Cuba and the Bahamas, regions mostly new to me, and with much that has amused me immensely. One effect of years I can now

* The Saturday Review *this week presents extracts from "The Letters of Henry Adams" to be issued next month by the Houghton Mifflin Co.*

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take as constant. I love the tropics, and feel really at ease nowhere else. A good, rotten tropical Spanish island, like Cuba, with no roads and no drainage, but plenty of bananas and brigands, never bores me. . . . Every time I come back to what we are pleased to call civilized life, it bores me more, and seems to me more hopelessly idiotic; and, as I do not care to imitate Carlyle and Ruskin and Emerson and all the rest of our protesting philosophers by trying to make a living by abusing the society of my time, nothing remains but to quit it, and seek another. I am satisfied that Pearson is right, and that the dark races are gaining on us, so that we may depend on their steadily shutting down on us, as they have already done in Haiti, and are doing throughout the West Indies and our southern States. In another fifty years, at the same rate of movement, the white races will have to reconquer the tropics by war and nomadic invasion, or be shut up, north of the fortieth parallel. I know that with our fatuous self-esteem, our newspapers admire themselves too much to admit their own possible inferiority to niggers without newspapers; but as I rather prefer niggers to whites, and much prefer oriental art to European, I incline to make the most of the tropics while the white is still tolerated there.

My return here is not of a sort to discourage these notions. If ever one saw an enormous exhibition of imbecility, we give it here. We don't know what is the matter with us, yet we all admit that we have had a terrific shock of some sort. We see no reason at all for assuming that the causes, whatever they are, which have brought about the prostration, have ceased, or will cease, to act. On the contrary, as far as we can see, if anything is radically wrong, it must grow worse, for it must be in our system itself, and at the bottom of all modern society. If we are diseased, so is all the world. Everyone is discussing, disputing, doubting, economising, going into bankruptcy, waiting for the storm to pass, but no sign of agreement is visible as to what has upset us, or whether we can cure the disease. That the trouble is quite different from any previous experience, pretty much everyone seems to admit; but nobody diagnoses it. Probably in a year or two, we shall pick ourselves up again, and go ahead, but we shall know no better what hit us. To judge from what I can gather from the *Economist* and other European sources of financial wisdom, Europe is rather more in the dark than we are. Europe and Asia are used to accepting diseases and death as inevitable, but to us the idea is a new one. We want to know what is wrong with the world that it should suddenly go to smash without visible cause or possible advantage. Here, in this young, rich continent, capable of supporting three times its population with ease, we have had a million men out of employment for nearly a year, and the situation growing worse rather than better. Society here, as well as in Europe, is shaking, yet we have no bombs, no violence, and no wars to fear. I prefer my Cuba, which is frankly subsiding into savagery. At least the problems there are simple.

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, 3 August, 1896.

The other day I went out to Versailles and passed an hour or two in the gardens of the Petit Trianon. Versailles was actually almost beautiful in its desertion. Certainly it is not a religious repose, but it is painfully human and pessimistic. I was greatly touched by the little, old, opera-comical *hameau* of Marie Antoinette which is prettier now in its abandonment than ever it can have been when new. What sort of a woman was Marie Antoinette anyway? I always distrust women who have to be very much defended. I doubt Marie Stuarts and Marie Antoinettes.

Sunday afternoon I passed at Chartres, in the cathedral, with the glass and the afternoon service. In my sublimated fancy, the combination of the glass and the Gothic is the highest ideal ever yet reached by men; higher than the Mosaics and Byzantine of Ravenna, which was itself higher, as a religious conception, than the temples of the Greeks or Egyptians. Our age is too thoroughly brutalised to approach or understand any of these creations of an imagination which is dead. I am myself somewhat like a monkey looking through a telescope at the stars; but I can see at least that it must have been great.

But by way of a sickener, I wandered out to St. Denis on the steam-train from the Madeleine, and passed an hour among what is left of the Kings. St. Denis is a very beautiful bit of Gothic; its only fault is that of Notre Dame in Paris, of being faultless; but the terrible Viollet le Duc, or some other architect, who restored it, thought it necessary to put in modern glass windows. The effect is quite marvelous. No one can look at the church without feeling that the modern man has lost at least one sense; that of color. If the sense still existed, such howling horrors would not be allowed to remain an hour in an architecture which they spoil instead of decorating.

To John Hay

PARIS, 4 December, 1900.

Private, most privately private.

. . . . . .

You excite my wildest admiration! Whenever I think of you, I glow. How do you carry that load? Look you! Friend! I am but a waif on the waters of eternity, and I care not one French sour grape how soon or how late this damned humanity breaks its neck, for I know mighty little good of it, yet I assure you I lie awake of nights merely at thinking of the risks we are now running, and the rate of our speed. You say you are a bore about the Senate. You know I am two double-barreled bores about England. I can do nothing but think and talk about it. The Senate is a good, brutal, conspicuous ball to kick. England is one of the weird mysteries of God's afterthought. Spain in the sixteenth century was nothing to it. China today is a trifling problem beside it. And both Spain and China were simple old mediaeval military problems, while England is the last word of divine wisdom. I tell you, divine wisdom has said some pretty rotten words!

Soul of my body! I can make nothing of it! That England has stood through the last year upsets all my facts and figures. I have been wholly wrong. I have got to figure out a balance-sheet totally new, and to me totally incredible. I look on now in superlative bewilderment. I cannot conceive what holds England up. With broken prestige, admitted failure, and no money, how do Hicks Beach and the Bank go on! With the entire world, every solitary human being between the Ural Mountains and the Bay of San Francisco longing to hit her and plunder her, how does she keep her purse in her pocket? And now Mr. nephew Kaiser William has taken charge of her precious welfare! A lunatic, just barely outside of a mad-house, protects his venerable grandmamma from other wicked robbers. The twelfth century never saw anything more grotesque!

Believe me, my angel son and sovereign, I am not fretting much for the sake of England. If her venerated interests alone were at stake, it is not I who would lie awake for anxiety about them. My alarm is strictly and grossly selfish. What I fear is that, if English credit really gets that shock which is now common expectation in half the newspapers of the world, you would see the fair fabric of your popularity vanish in a single telegram.

To Elizabeth Cameron

BAYREUTH, 26 July, 1901.

After all, I did leave Paris! I began to think I never should. For two summers, I never have; but at last here I am, and how droll it is. . . . Monday morning I rambled on, through Heidelberg, up the Necker to Würzburg, and into the heart of primitive Germany where I tumbled over the Lodges at a little railway junction and we went on to Rothenburg. There we paused and slept.

When I came first abroad in '58, all the towns were Rothenburgs. Antwerp, Nürnberg, even Strasbourg, looked just as mediaeval, or nearly so. Inside, they were much more so. I felt as though I must have been really thirteenth-century, and all but me departed. The young and happy brides—I allude also to my sister Anne—who were with me, enjoyed immensely their first sense of tiled roofs and gabled houses, and I did what I could not to spoil their sport. Really, too, there is some very excellent carving, in astonishing good condition, at Rothenburg, in the churches, and even three large win-

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dows of good fourteenth century glass. There are some interesting houses, and bits running back to the 12th and even the 11th, so that I was not wholly abandoned. To be sure, it is not French, but very near it; and it made me wonder once more that in my own golden day, even Germans and English were almost as artistic as other people, and in the same exact simple style with which I [was] wont to delight myself.

After a rainy day at Rothenburg we came direct to Bayreuth, and, with a desperate struggle, settled into lodgings. I have Bessie and Bay under my wing in the upper story of a house in the suburbs, with an almost 12th century Jewish landlady; but the house is new and clean, and I rather prefer the Jewess to the German. Yesterday we went to the first spectacle, the Rheingold. I was nearly asphyxiated, and thought the performance rather mediocre. Of course I did not say so. My companions were very enthusiastic; the older habitués much less so. Between me and Wagner, we rather think we are both a little given to humbug. As I am necessarily a judge of literature rather than of music, I am still ruffed all over by Wagner's clumsy want of clean literary lines and of form, both in thought and expression. This is always obtruding itself between the music and the scene, till I feel like to throw rocks at the singers. Today comes a long session with the *Valkyrie*. I hope I shall get through without express profanity; but I am quite clear that for a delicate digestion like mine: with a tendency to insomnia, the Wagnerian beer-and-sausage should be taken in short gulps, and at concerts. The literary-dramatic expression gives me the same spasms that a Church-of-England Bishop does, in the pulpit. . . .

NUREMBERG, 3 August, '01.

So Bayreuth passes! We have finished our cure, and are on our way again. All went well and merrily. All was easy and archaic. Except that I am rather ashamed never to have done it before, I feel that virtue is rewarded. Not that I have got particular pleasure out of it, or that I am more Wagnerian than of old. I got more pleasure, by far, from the regular theatrical performances. I felt my Wagner much better in bits. Too much of him, or of any other artist, gives dyspepsia. His faults get on the nerves. As for Wagner, his German bad taste becomes the only thing I see, at last, and in *Parsifal*, it culminates in a mass of flabby German sentimentality which passes patience, and makes me indifferent to what John Lodge assures me is the highest point he ever reached in music. Of course I have learned a lot about motifs, and all sorts of things, but on the whole, except to have seen it all, without cuts or abbreviations, I do not think I am better off. My conviction that such a monstrosity of form is simply proof of our loss of artistic sense, is stronger than ever.

Germany deepens it. Forty years have added another layer of bad taste to all that went before. It sickens me to think that this is the result, and all the result, of my life-time. I saw the same thing in Italy, but there the effort has not been so gigantic. Here in Nuremberg I feel it the more because this was one of my first delights in art, way back in '59. It makes me happy to think that I shall never see it again. Altogether, Germany gives me the sense of hopeless failure. In fact, I have had more than enough of Europe altogether, and I'm afraid my appetite for America is not voracious either. The world has lived too long. So have I. One of us two has got to go. For the public good, it had better be the world that goes, for at least I am harmless. . . .

The First Lady's Book of Days

MY DAYS. By Eleanor Roosevelt. New York: Dodge Publishing Company. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

THIS volume is made up of selections from Mrs. Roosevelt's syndicated column, "My Day," covering the period from January, 1936, to May, 1938. Brought together in this way without the separate date headings, the entries reveal the interests and opinions of the President's wife with a cumulative clarity lacking in their day-to-day appearance. Mrs. Roosevelt has her admirers and her critics: in this collection she gives, freely and fearlessly, materials for both to work upon.

Eleanor Roosevelt

The dominant impression that one receives from the book is that of the author's tremendous and continuous interest in the world and the people of the world around her. Judging from her writings, as well as from her activities, Mrs. Roosevelt would seem to be the most democratic of all our First Ladies. She sees and hears and responds always as Eleanor Roosevelt; hers is not a personality to be fitted, willy-nilly, into any preconceived pattern of "The President's Wife." Rank, title, and position scarcely exist for her. She records the opinions of a taxicab driver on civic opera with the same fair-minded care with which she reports the reflections of Salvador de Madariaga on classical personalities. And although she complains in one passage, "My trouble is that I am not always able to decide just what I do think," her vigorous thinking and forthright conclusions show little evidence of such indecision.

One might, somewhat arbitrarily, scale her major interests as the improvement in the lot of the underprivileged, the cause of world peace, youth and possibilities of broader education. With regard to the first, the main problem seems to her to be that of awakening "the more fortunate in our country" to a realization of the human values involved. She acknowledges in herself "a species of resentment" towards an attitude which she finds all too prevalent—that of considering the unemployed "as some strange kind of animal" without "tastes, likes, dislikes, and passions."

As to world peace, she finds herself virtually in agreement with Dorothy Thompson in advocating some sort of policy of collective security rather than one of complete isolation.

The heart of her educational philosophy, based upon wide observation and personal experience, may be summed up as an effort to implant in the young a sense of intelligent responsibility, fortified by habits of investigation and criticism.

Mrs. Roosevelt would be the last to claim any particular stylistic merits for these diurnal jottings often made in trains, aeroplanes, or between-whiles at meetings. But when she touches on certain scenes and subjects the simple adequacy of the prose flashes into a natural rightness that leaves a picture in the mind whether it be of the unrolled landscape beneath a night-flight, or of children, who always catch her eye.

E. M. Forster

(*Continued from page* 4)

nary gesture which all Forster characters find extremely difficult—she has to witness a murder in the Piazza Signoria. She faints . . . "and lo! one man was stabbed, and another held her in his arms." Mr. Forster is fond of giving us little shocks; but this sudden appearance of death is more than just a little shock. It is one of the least satisfactory things about his fiction. It is irrelevant; it is even clumsy. Lucy is a maid, George Emerson a man; it seems unnecessary that an Italian should be murdered in order to bring them together, and when we read of the incident we seem to be on the receiving end of one of those electrical machines which caused such a lot of fun about thirty years ago. The deaths of Mrs. Wilcox in "Howards End," of Gerald Dawes in "The Longest Journey," and of Mrs. Moore in "A Passage to India" are all on similar lines: we feel that a rather ugly practical joke has been played on us. But the joke is really on the author. Death, who leaps so clumsily in and out of his novels, is red, not from blood but from the rouge-pot. He was intended to be magnificent, to be, as it were, the

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last word on life. But, after all, he is only a clown.

These faults, though I think that they are important ones, are far from wrecking faults. The novels survive them with ease. Mr. Forster, turning his back on love in its physical aspect, greets it as companionship and as understanding; because they know what it is Margaret and Helen Schlegel are alive, and because he has never quite discovered what it is, Leonard Bast has to die (in a truly Forsterian manner—via the flat of a sword and a falling bookcase). And this brings us to "Howards End," in which these characters play their part.

"Howards End" is the most considerable, as "A Room with a View" is the most charming, of his pre-war novels. It has to a very high degree a quality common to all four—a quality which, to my mind, marks the difference between "novel" and "story." The author is able to sink himself into his characters, so that they live an independent life; and they, in turn, reflect him. He does not stand between you and them; but once you become involved in them, and only then, you also become aware of the personality of their creator. Just as in a higher and perhaps mythical sphere, the souls of men are supposed to sing the praises of their Maker, so on a lower plane the characters of a novel—if it is a novel—give something back to the novelist. In the case of a great novel, such as "War and Peace," what they give back is glory; in the case of a clever and minor novel, such as "Mr. Norris Changes Trains," all that they give back is a comment. With "Howards End" both glory and comment can be heard.

Let us take the glory first. The Schlegels are intelligent, sensitive, and Anglo-German; the Wilcoxes are coarse, stupid, and Anglo-Saxon. Both sides are entirely credible, and the battle that develops between them, when Margaret Schlegel marries Henry Wilcox, gathers power and flames up into major fiction. It is through love that Margaret Schlegel wins, and in the end the bad qualities of the Wilcoxes are either softened and assimilated, in the case of Henry, or else retire snarling into the background. "Howards End," witty, powerful, and profound, is an extraordinary book; and it is a pity that its characters should be heard, on occasions, to make an adverse comment upon their creator.

For instance, when Leonard Bast, the insurance clerk, visits the Schlegels, he has to remind them of their previous meeting (at which, incidentally, Margaret Schlegel walked off with his umbrella).

> "It was at a concert at Queen's Hall. I think you will recollect," he added pretentiously, "when I tell you that it included a performance of the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven."
>
> "We hear the Fifth practically every time it's done, so I'm not sure—do you remember, Helen?"
>
> "Was it the time the sandy cat walked round the balustrade?"
>
> He thought not.
>
> "Then I don't remember. That's the only Beethoven I ever remember specially."

It is all very faint—condescension—superior humor—the upper middle class taking it out of the lower middle—but every time I read this passage it sets my teeth on edge. The Schlegels are not at all like that; yet now and again—very faint, almost inaudible—you hear that note in their voices, and it is a note which you do not believe their creator ever heard. It is their comment on him.

Chronology, of course, has something to do with it. In 1910 the New Woman, that long abolished phenomenon, was just coming into her own, and she must often have been a trying creature. The Schlegels are the best type of New Woman; but it is perhaps too much to expect of any author in 1910 that he should winnow *all* the chaff out of them. None the less, the chaff which he fails to winnow does rather stick in one's throat, and it is hard to believe that chronology is altogether to blame. One can blame it, on the other hand, for a certain murkiness in the Protest which otherwise, and usually, lights up the whole book. The Wilcoxes who make their money from African rubber, have all the faults inherent in a business civilization. They are honest according to their standards; but, unable to connect one set of facts with another, they cannot assume responsibility for what they are. Hardness and efficiency without, panic and emptiness within. There is the Protest. And when Margaret feels that she can help Henry Wilcox "to the building of that rainbow bridge that should connect the prose in us with the passion," there is the finger pointing upward. But a fog, a purely chronological fog, sometimes drifts between us and the stars towards which it is trying to point. If the building of a rainbow bridge for a rather stupid *entrepreneur* entails (as it does very definitely in this novel) the sacrifice of Leonard Bast and the submerged millions whom he embodies, we cannot help wondering today if it was worth all that trouble. If there is reading in Elysium, I have no doubt that Adam Smith, and (after some difficulties over Helen's illegitimate baby) John Bright, have already approved of "Howards End"; but in 1938 one feels, not always, only occasionally, that time has cracked its surfaces, and that the liberal temperament is very close indeed to becoming liberal with a big L.

Fourteen years intervened between this novel and "A Passage to India"; and in that period any chance of Mr. Forster's being caught in some nineteenth century idealism altogether vanished. Before coming to "A Passage to India" I want to take one sentence out of "Aspects of the Novel," published two years later, in 1926. It would be impossible to discuss "Aspects of the Novel," except in great detail. It is a series of lectures which everyone should read, not merely in order to learn about the novel, but because it is the work of a lucid mind which commands a beautiful style. The sentence I am thinking of is this: "Yes—oh, dear, yes—the novel tells a story"; and Mr. Forster begged the undergraduates of Cambridge to repeat it after him, a scene which staggers the imagination.

"Yes—oh, dear, yes—the novel tells a story." Change this into "Yes—oh, dear, yes—life is a muddle," and you have not only the characteristic intonation but the essential theme of "A Passage to India." The novel tells how Mrs. Moore and Miss Adela Quested pay a visit to India, to decide whether or no Adela is to marry Mrs. Moore's son, Ronnie. When they attempt to get to know India, so far as it can be known in the town of Chandrapore, British officialdom and its wife (particularly its wife) makes it clear that this isn't done. Be courteous with the Indians, yes: intimate with them, no. British officialdom, in fact, has no use for the Indians.

Dr. Aziz, however, is young and sanguine and Indian. He reveres Mrs. Moore and admires Miss Quested (though physically she repels him as, to be sure, she does the reader). Except for Mr. Fielding, the schoolmaster, they are the only English who seem to him human and he is pathetically eager to be their friend. He takes them on an excursion to the Marabar Caves—feeding them poached eggs and tea every few minutes, are not the English always hungry?—and in one of the caves Miss Quested believes that she has been assaulted. She flies from the scene. She accuses Dr. Aziz. The English rally to her support, the Indians to the support of Aziz. And then at the trial, she suddenly realizes that Aziz is innocent, for she is an honest girl, a Margaret Schlegel without Margaret's charm; and in the scene which follows an abyss opens forever between England and India.

The English in Chandrapore are drawn with the same cruelty that you find in the portrayals of Miss Bartlett and Miss Lavish; only this novel is concerned with more impersonal issues, and therefore the cruelty is intensified. It has been said that Mr. Forster weights the scales too heavily against the English, and this may be true; but at the same time he makes it quite clear that had they been somewhere else —Surbiton or Putney or North Oxford— they would have been quite decent people. They are the victims of the White Man's Burden—the heaviest burden of all —the burden of living in a country where you do not belong and where you have no earthly right to be. Impossible to mistake the Protest here—it is against all the ugly little tin gods of imperialism.

But . . . life is a muddle. The shifting face of India, where everything blends into everything else, is a muddle. Worse still, the Indians, as he sees them, are just as much in a muddle as are the English. He draws the Indians with tenderness,

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with subtlety, indeed with genius; but he does not think that they can manage for themselves. Aziz, a Moslem, half embraces Mr. Das, a Hindu; he is genuinely fond of Mr. Das, but he cannot help thinking as he pats his stout shoulder, "I wish they did not remind me of cow-dung." Just as in "Howards End" the finger seemed to point upward with the reformation of Henry Wilcox, and downward with the ruin of Leonard Bast, so here. Upward—you cannot live by conquest. Downward—the Hindu reminds the Moslem of cow-dung. There is no talk or thought of constitutions, suffrage, de-imperialization, passive or active resistance. The novel is a masterpiece, but it contains only a Protest, not a Plan.

At the end of "A Passage to India" Mr. Fielding and Dr. Aziz meet again, after a long period. They are friends still, but aware that they can meet no more; the abyss is too wide. They want to be friends, but India does not want it. The horses didn't want it . . . the temples, the tank, the jail, the palace, the birds, the carrion, the Guest House . . . they didn't want it, they said in their hundred voices, "No, not yet," and the sky said, "No, not there." *No, not yet: no, not there.* If you read Mr. Forster's "Goldsworthy Lowes Dickenson" (1934), a beautiful memoir and very much worth the trouble, you will find that it concludes with an odd and unresolved question—Was Dickenson important, or was he not? And in "Abinger Harvest" (1936) the same kind of uncertainty appears. "Abinger Harvest" is a good book to own, because it is progressive and entertaining, and therefore uncommon. In two of its sections, The Present, and The East, certain blows are dealt at some of the bad idols of our time, and down they come with a crash: but the débris is not swept up. You suspect that, in the author's belief, other idols will be set up on the débris, and then they will crash down, and then others will be set up on *their* débris, and so on; until at last the whole pile, like a tower, will push its forehead into Eternity—or Chaos. Nothing is perfect, nothing is certain, and so the Protest must go on. The voice that you hear now and then in "Abinger Harvest" is a continuation of that extra voice in the pre-war novels, and of the voice which, in "A Passage to India," seems to say that life is a muddle. It would be a mistake to think it weak because it is inconclusive. It proceeds from the liberal temperament and it is a part of history. It is, and will be, very often inconvenient and obstructive and to be visited with prison, stripes, and exile; but it must go on. Because it is sometimes to be heard in Mr. Forster's work that work will, I think, survive. We may prefer more definite voices, but we should not be disappointed with his, or shut our ears to it—even though what it says is essentially just this: "No, not yet: no, not there."

George Dangerfield is a historian and former literary editor.

The River a Song Made Famous

SUWANNEE RIVER, Strange Green Land. By Cecile Hulse Matschat. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN ANDERSON

THERE is, probably, a good deal to be said for rivers in general and "The Rivers of America" series intends, it seems, to say it, to say it with all fervent feeling for pioneer background, folklore, flora, fauna, and the twilight regions of the arts. Here is to be a marriage between the Coast and Geodetic Survey and the Mormon Muses. Doubtless some irreverent off-islanders feel that all has been said on the subject in Jimmy Savo's almost drowning plea "River stay away from my door." Ah, well, what is an estuary without a decent book about it?

If you were going to write about rivers as just famous rivers, you would, I suppose have to include the Suwannee. That

Headpiece from "Suwannee River"

must have been the reasoning of the editors of the series, and of the publishers. Certainly the Suwannee is famous, and the problem which faced its present historian in preparing this, the third volume of the series, must have resolved itself into the fact that the Suwannee is celebrated less as a stream than as a song. Stephen Foster himself used it as a last minute substitute, and had at least one advantage over Mrs. Matschat in that he never saw it. Somehow I gathered that she wished she hadn't either. Publishers can be dreadful bullies.

Mrs. Matschat's prose picture of a journey down the Suwannee, from its many-watered source in the swamps of Okefenokee, to its debouchement into the Gulf of Mexico, with a brief and somewhat culinary stopover at a defunct Florida plantation (a ghost story is thrown in, but it's the same old ghost story), her picture, I say, is uneven, and as far as I could trace the writer's own movements through a somewhat coy third person narrative, rather eventless. She saw some snakes, alligators, and a few people; heard some tall tales and called it a day and a book. Two of the tales she retells vividly—one the fight between the kingsnake and the great diamond back rattler and the other the dietary shambles on Lost Island when wild boars ate a bear and alligators ate the wild boars. But these incidents have, it would seem, the same coherent relation that the motion picture of "Rain" exhibited when it introduced the fight between the Mongoose and the snake. People still remember the mongoose when they can't, for the life of them, remember where they saw it.

Mrs. Matschat is at pains to lug in a small reference to Stephen Foster, which seems only fair, and less irrelevant than such tourist remarks as "New York seemed very far away" and "Perhaps some adventurous son of Greece traveled farther north, for an old Greek coin has been found recently on one of the islands of Okefenokee." I can't see the connection. Washington threw a dollar across the Potomac. New York is a thousand miles away, and one coin doesn't make even an anecdote.

Something more to the point lies in such casual statements as "The quivering earth is so insecure that the tread of a man will cause an eighty foot cypress to tremble like an aspen."

Mrs. Maschat's trouble, superficially, would seem to be that her editors gave her a bad assignment. There isn't a book, at least not this sort of book in the Suwannee, because unlike other famous rivers scheduled in the series, there is not much in the way of human history about it. It lacks details, and the personal color that scales such primeval subjects down to chronological chit-chat. A few personalities emerge faintly, but in obvious strokes (as the Snake Woman) and on Page 228 there is a recipe for Pork Pie, which would seem to be as heavy as Mrs. Maschat's occasionally lush prose. She is better in her own field, about plants and gardening, and sounds at the end as if she had been mighty glad to get out of the Suwannee's swamps, and away from a river that a song made famous for all the wrong things—a vast jungle mystery into which she diligently, and carefully, dropped a few kind words.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 230)

NEWBOLT—
"AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM"

Alas! Apollo, it must be confessed,
Has lately gone the way of all the rest.
No more alone upon the far-off hills
With song serene the wilderness he fills,
But in the forum now his art employs
And what he lacks in knowledge gives in noise.

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Housing and the Economic System

HOUSING COMES OF AGE. By Michael W. Straus and Talbot Wegg. New York: Oxford University Press. 1938. $2.75.

THE CHALLENGE OF HOUSING. By Langdon W. Post. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by CLARENCE S. STEIN

WITHIN the past two years 22,000 families moved out of the slums into sunny, sanitary, comfortable homes from which they look out on great green gardens: homes built for them. They left behind them in dirty, dark, damp, unsanitary tenements or hovels one-third or more of the inhabitants of our cities. The demands of these millions are going to make housing the most important political issue and the principal practical problem of our municipalities. In the past people accepted rotten houses as inevitable. Reformers talked about housing. They could not understand: they had to see. Now they know that government can supply them with decent new houses on the basis not of cost, but need. They have seen it done. It is no longer necessary to bring out all the shopworn social and health arguments. There is no need of trying to prove that housing is economically sound: that is irrelevant, if true.

And so what has been done by the Government during the last five years is of much more importance to us than further denunciation of past conditions and practices.

The story of how the Housing Division of the Public Works Administration built over fifty communities of homes is told simply, clearly, and succinctly by Michael W. Straus and Talbot Wegg in "Housing Comes of Age." They explain the policies that were followed by the Government, why they were chosen, and how they were carried out. They tell how the opposition of local interests was met; how land was secured and how the controversy as to whether the United States could condemn land for housing was decided; how the choice between slum sites and undeveloped plots of land was decided; why most of the designs were actually determined in a central office in Washington instead of by local architects; the precautions under which bids were taken and building carried out so as to prevent corruption or dishonest practices (the bugaboo of the Administrator, Mr. Ickes); and finally, how the human problems of managing the fifty or so housing developments are being handled. The authors know whereof they write, for they both were connected with the Housing Division: Mr. Wegg as architect dealing with the initiation of projects, and Mr. Straus as Director of Information in the Public Works Administration. They tell the facts in a simple way that should interest a large public because of the important part housing is destined to play in political and governmental policy and actions.

There is only one adverse criticism of great importance that I have to offer. The book is written by advocates and so, in spite of their apparent attempt at a fair judgment, they sometimes make a case for the Administration where there is none. For instance, they attempt to prove that the costs of the houses built directly under the Housing Administration were not excessive. To do so they compare them with housing units of an entirely different type and presumably of larger size. It would have been much fairer to compare the cost with the first two developments in New York City under the Public Works Administration. These were built by private builders from designs and specifications that were written by local architects with a less rigid control of supervision than under the completely dominated Federal projects. The two Federal housing projects in the same city built three years later than these limited dividend housing projects cost about forty per cent per room more (and the rooms were much smaller) although building costs had only risen fifteen per cent to twenty per cent in that time. Unquestionably, serious blunders were made; but, the essential fact is that the job was done, that the Housing Division of the Public Works Administration started us off on a journey from which we cannot now turn back—the rehousing of America's millions.

"The Challenge of Housing," by Langdon W. Post, deals in large part with the same period of housing history as does "Housing Comes of Age." But Langdon Post views it from his experience as New York City's Tenement House Commissioner and as the head of the most active municipal Housing Authority. The most interesting part of the book is the story of Mr. Post's valiant fight to get housing started in New York. He also tells the history of the evils and causes of bad housing. Most of this has been told before.

Messrs. Straus and Wegg were very careful not to be enmeshed in any philosophical controversy. They say that, "Increase of workers' incomes without an attendant rise in the cost of living, if feasible, would undoubtedly be the most effective means of providing the necessary housing. However, since this would involve a reorganization of our whole economic system, it is obviously beyond the scope of housing as such." Mr. Post, on the other hand, is determined on finding causes and solutions no matter where they may lead him. He attacks banker, land speculator, jerry-builder, realtor, architect, for their part in the maladjustment called housing. He shows that restrictive legislation has proved no cure for housing evils. He indicates how meager have been the results of philanthropic or limited dividend housing. He even questions capitalism. But there he turns back. He dares not face the logical conclusions of his own

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE FUTILE ALIBI *Freeman Wills Crofts* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Crooked English financier strangely poisoned on palatial houseboat. Heavy tread of Insp. French thuds on doomed slayer's trail.	"Sober beat" of English detective story beautifully exemplified in thoroughgoing, logical, and rather woodenly characterized yarn.	Good puzzle
LAMENT FOR A MAKER *Michael Innes* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Mad Scottish laird dives to death from eerie castle on wild wintry night. Edinboro' solicitor, Scotland Yarder —and others—investigate plunge.	Tho' on erudite side shivery atmosphere, grim humor, curious penultimate solution, and curiouser finale make it eminently worthwhile.	For initiates
THE DAWSON PEDIGREE; LORD PETER VIEWS THE BODY *Dorothy L. Sayers* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	Events following death of aged spinster as investigated by Lord Peter and some varyingly good short stories.	Another excellent omnibus volume in series that bring back all of precious pre - Harriet Vane Wimsey cases.	For well-ordered collections
THE ENJOYMENT OF MURDER *William Roughead* (Sheridan House: $2.50.)	Scottish master of criminal lore rehashes a few famous English crimes in faultless fashion.	Gory deeds of Burke, Hare, and others set forth with much wise comment by superb craftsman.	Faultless

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argument. He travels many roads in his search for fundamentals, but he is never willing to go to the end of the road.

He shows how home ownership (by any but the wealthy) has resulted in the most shocking exploitation of both land and people. He paints a devastating picture of "its tragic consequences of mortgage foreclosures, of vast wastes, of overdeveloped and badly planned land, of unhappy, disillusioned people desperately trying to hang on to their equities and their ownership in the face of overinflated mortgages, cruel finance charges, and rising taxes." He says:

> If society permits them to be exploited by private enterprise in the same manner that they have been in the past, it will find their support swinging away from the accepted American principles and enlisting in the ranks of those who would change the system entirely. I use the word "exploitation" advisedly. I do not intend it to be construed in its often accepted sense of something that is wicked. The capitalist system depends entirely upon exploitation for its existence, as indeed must any system in which various talents and abilities are brought together to produce a common objective. It is the manner and methods of exploitation with which we can justifiably quarrel, not the act itself.

Mr. Post shows his respect for America's foremost thinker in the field of housing—Frederick Lee Ackerman—by quoting verbatim many pages of his writing. He says that Ackerman, as well as Catherine Bauer and Frederick Engels, all express in their writing, doubt of the possibility of fitting a real housing program into our present economic system. Mr. Post says, "I cannot with integrity disagree completely with any of these three brilliant minds. However, being a confirmed optimist I still find myself hoping that we can retain the benefits of capitalism while we temper its evils and abuses with the humanity of socialism."

How are Mr. Post's hopes to be realized? Private enterprise must not only acknowledge that it cannot house one-third of a nation, it must accept the job of housing another third with restricted profits, without hope of rising land values, and under rigid government restrictions. Only so can private enterprise hope "to defend itself against the forces which are attempting to drive it out of existence." Housing must be recognized as a public utility. Quite right. But Mr. Post, who has already shown how limited have been the results of limited dividend housing in the past, does not show how his proposed public utility housing corporations will differ in any essential way from these except in name.

Clarence Stein was formerly chairman of the New York Housing Commission and Commission for Regional Planning. He is the architect of several suburban developments.

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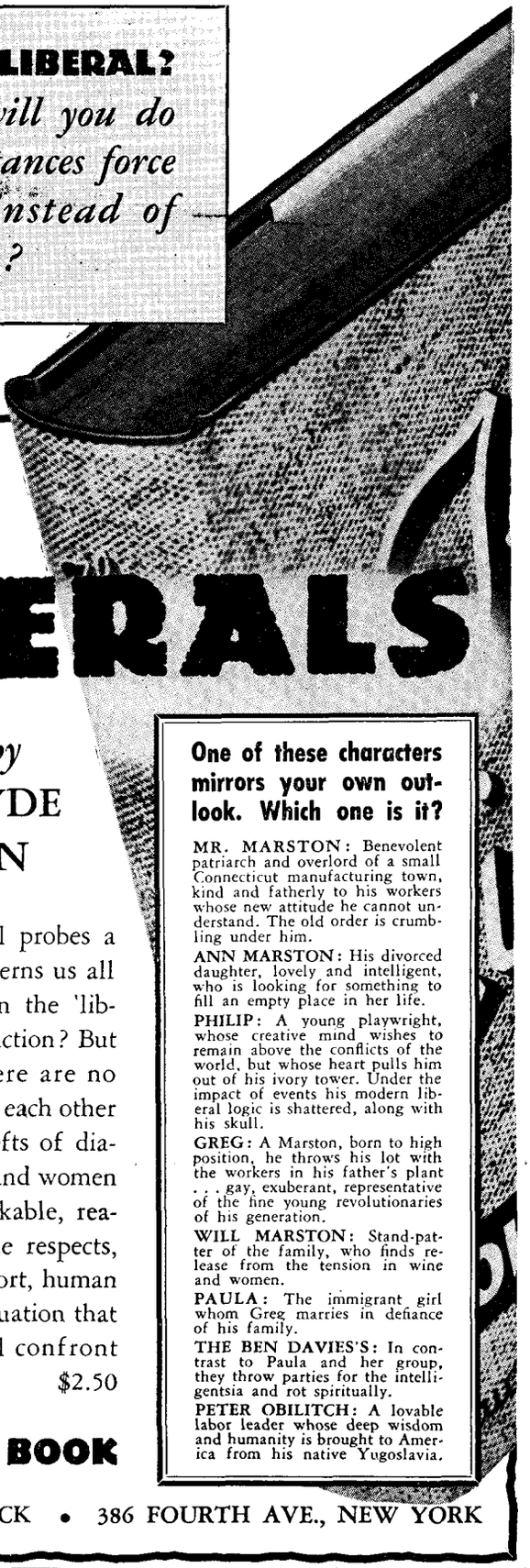

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Return to Roosevelt I

A NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM. By Nicholas Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT C. BROOKS

AS between his two great kinsmen, Theodore and Franklin, the preference of Nicholas Roosevelt is given strongly to the former. Indeed there are many passages in "A New Birth of Freedom" which sound like echoes of the Rough Rider. "Malefactors of great wealth," for example, becomes "the buccaneer spirit of the new rich." Theodore's love of vigorous sports and his hatred of all softness also reappear in these pages. "To stand on one's own feet, to meet life without flinching, to play the game fairly, to hold fast to and live up to standards of integrity"—these are the words of Nicholas but obviously they might have been the words of Roosevelt I.

No direct attack is made upon President Franklin D. Roosevelt, although by inference he is held responsible for policies which lead inevitably to the "state-all-powerful." The book deserves a higher rating than that of a mere party pronunciamento. It is rather an attempt at political analysis, the aim being to point out tendencies toward dictatorship in the United States and to indicate means which will avert this end, giving us instead "a new birth of freedom." Mr. Nicholas Roosevelt views with alarm the alleged political indifference of the masses, their quest for security regardless of liberty, government by administrative decree, "must legislation," the voting of large lump sum appropriations, and the use of relief rolls and farm subsidies to gain votes. He favors economic policies which will enable the propertyless to acquire homes and wage earners to become their own bosses, new ways by which more goods can be produced and distributed more cheaply, the sharing by labor not only of the profits but also the losses of business, the decentralization of large businesses, the encouragement of both producers' and consumers' coöperatives. In the political field a strong argument is offered for a resurgent federalism to be secured not by the establishment of regions but by increasing the powers of existing states and encouraging them to engage in regional coöperation. Mr. Roosevelt is opposed to all economic planning which takes the form of mandatory measures imposed by force. On the other hand he approves the drawing up of a "chart of advisable coöperative action." So sweeping are his economic objectives, however, that state intervention on a large scale would prove unavoidable.

Carried away by the fervor of argument Mr. Roosevelt occasionally opens himself to criticism. For example the implication that Mr. G. D. H. Cole would consider the blood purges of Stalin and Hitler as unavoidable under the circumstances will doubtless grieve that eminent Oxford don, who by the way is just as much in favor of economic decentralization as Mr. Roosevelt himself. Further the assertion that "in America today the very rich are so few that they are politically helpless," is as extreme as the directly opposite contention made by Mr. Ferdinand Lundberg in "America's 60 Families." Nor is the press so much under the influence of the administration as Mr. Roosevelt asserts, witness the overwhelming majority of newspapers which opposed the President in the campaign of 1936. On the whole, however, "A New Birth of Freedom" is temperate and restrained in its statement of opinion, and all the more effective for that reason.

"Boy, a pint of old ale, the paper, and a screw of tobacco," marks the pause that refreshes in 1838 in London; enormous waste of food prompts Gen'l Booth to propose reforms; observations upon the popularity of the Great Exhibition; the wonderful Crystal Palace . . . these and many other accounts and reminiscences of London and London life are recounted in

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Strange Adventure

WE MARRIED AN ENGLISHMAN. By Ruth and Helen Hoffman. New York: Carrick & Evans. 1938. $2.75.

IT seemed as though they would never get to marry their Englishman, as they waited in their house on the Tigris for the red tape of Iraq to unwind. It was a land of less promising mananas than Spain. Ruth and Helen Hoffman are American twins, artists both, who are so completely identified that when Ruth set out to marry her Englishman Helen of course had to come along, together with thirty-four pieces of luggage and the bane of Baghdad, the two creatures named Girl Cat and Boy Cat. They lived for two years in the Iraqi desert with fifteen servants and a collection of other pets so colorful that the Englishman in contrast seems no more than a jinn passing to and from his gravel plant. There was the *wowi*, for instance, that Girl Cat (Inshallah, what a name!) nursed, and there was the gazelle that ate cigarettes. "Mem-sahib, the cat's lunch is served," Mohammed would announce, before he took to marriage and vice and had to be replaced by the Furry-Aviator-Capped cook. Marriage was quite a trick in those parts, as they learned when ninety-year-old Nuri took him a child bride and had her tatooed especially to his taste. Ruth was incidentally married at last.

Their adventures consisted mostly of hard work and the avoidance of monotony, in planting the thousand eucalyptus trees and wondering who stole them, in guessing when the carpenter would come, in continually distinguishing for the current cook the difference between pomegranate and permanganate. They slept, sometimes, on strange river boats with Girl Cat and Boy Cat strapped to their wrists, visited the gimcrack harems of Sheikhs and met King Ghazi and his phosphorescent automobile. The bombing of Baghdad, the murder of friends, and the threat of bandits were not nearly so exciting as their everyday exploits of dodging heat and quite wrong recipes, and it is these simple adventures that make their story as charming and humorous as the drawings accompanying it.

A Novel of Labor

THE SUMMER SOLDIER. By Leane Zugsmith. New York: Random House. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

SOMEWHERE in the South, here named Chew County, union organizers are being beaten and killed, and such civil liberties as free speech and assembly denied. The news reaches a group of New York liberals. They organize a committee of five to investigate and publicize conditions in Chew County. The committee arrives, is hedged about at once by hostile forces, herded into a deserted field and beaten, thrown bodily out of the state. Three of them have had enough and will never come back. Two know they are in for the duration. This is the story of "The Summer Soldier," and, thus, baldly stated, it might seem an enlargement of reports already made in the press. But Miss Zugsmith has quite another end in view. It is not the story of the investigation she focusses on, but the committee itself. Who are these advance skirmishers in the battle we may all have to fight, these Summer Soldiers, as Tom Paine so beautifully named them? They are not always famous novelists, and their names in the papers tell us nothing of the drama within them and without.

Miss Zugsmith makes use of the stream of consciousness (no longer merely an arty technique but definitely in the arena) to give a full-dimensioned portrait of every one of the committee. Her touch is fine, at times inspired, as she finds the essence, the governing motive that made each one enlist for Chew County. They are a good cross-section group—a university professor, a social worker, a minister, a girl about town with liberal whims, a playwright, this last a beautiful characterization. Alone and together, we come to know them thoroughly, not just as the militant crusaders we meet in the usual tale of this sort, but as warm, rounded, breathing characters, the creations of a highly talented novelist. As characters only, quite apart from their setting, they would hold us and make a book of their own. Add to this their quest, its history, and its outcome, and we have a book at once topically important and artistically fine.

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The New Books

Biography

SO I WENT TO PRISON. By Edna V. O'Brien. Stokes. 1938. $2.50.

This is a book which poses in its clearest form that problem of penology which is perhaps the key problem of our civilization. Miss O'Brien operated in the Coolidge stock market with success, began handling investments for her friends and their friends, and was in pretty deep when the crash of '29 came. If she had been content to see them all go broke, her legal record would have been clear. But she was not; she tried to save something for everybody, the rules were changed on her while the game was in progress, and the next thing she knew the judge was saying, "I sentence you to not less than fifteen months nor more than three years."

It is at this point that the problem begins to appear. The grievances of which she makes complaint are in themselves petty—prison matrons are uncommunicative, the food at the New York House of Detention is tasteless, constant restriction gets on one's nerves. She admits their insignificance; concedes that she was in a jail which is a model for the country and a prison which is a model for the world. She is glad to bear witness that the Bedford Reformatory makes as honest and, on the whole, as intelligent an effort as can be made in any modern society truly to reform the inmates and to send them out into the world with a set of values that will permit their orientation into that society.

What she has to tell us is that the system is an utter failure, even at its best, in the hands of capable and considerate administration. Among the top cut and the bottom cut of prisoners, the most intelligent and least intelligent, there is no sense of guilt and no reform. The middle reaches, which constitute the vast majority, are quite willing, nay eager, to go straight; but society simply refuses to make any place for reclaimed human material.

Until it does, all prison sentences may as well be life sentences. This is the final implication of the book, a sufficiently terrifying one in view of the fact that you or I may find ourselves in Miss O'Brien's shoes tomorrow, like her through no particular fault of our own. In the meanwhile she has produced one of the best books in prison literature, entirely free of the cant, rant, and self-pity that vitiates the average specimen.

F. P.

Fiction

ALL THE YEAR ROUND. By Dorothy Aldis. Houghton Mifflin. 1938. $2.20.

Mrs. Aldis has written another very entertaining novel; but if you are a matron, you may well find it one of the most uncomfortable books you ever read. There's no pretending that the Conover family are merely fictional; you'd know them if you saw them on the street. And Mrs. Conover is just as nice and sensitive and intelligent as you like to think of yourself as being. Yet twenty-odd years after her marriage she realizes that the reason why her husband is going to pieces before her eyes is that she has licked him. Round every corner, her quick mind has laid in wait to combat his impulses, to deflect them ever so little, to convert them into something of which she could approve because it was hers, not his. So far her children have survived the same treatment; though she perceives now that they, too, have their scars. And the reader is made to see what a destructive force the wife and mother can be: how she works day and night, in irritation and in love, to distintegrate the personalities of her family, to bring them safe back to their cribs, reassuring extensions of herself.

This solemn theme is of course merely the preoccupation of the central character in an airy and breathless narrative which rushes the reader with Mrs. Conover through laughter and tragedy and all the adventures and misadventures which combine to make the home, physically as well as psychologically, the most dangerous place to be. It is nevertheless unkind of Mrs. Aldis to pose so vigorously so universal a situation and offer so familiar and so inadequate a solution—life in the country!

K. S.

HAND ON HER SHOULDER. By Margaret Widdemer. Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $2.

Against a background of social and political upper New York State, Margaret Widdemer has laid a romance lush enough to delight the heart of any really comfortable matron or of any not very modern school-girl. It goes with hammock-swinging and chocolate-nibbling and seems, somehow, to belong to a far more naive world than the one we live in. A long time has gone by, I think, since we've had a novel about two superlatively attractive young people who just can't keep out of each other's arms because his great-great-grandfather and her great-great-grandmother had long ago shared a passionate and unhappy love. Well, two such are Katherine Scott, the pampered niece of a doting, if tyrannical, aunt, and Lucian Hillier, a wild and fascinating but really well-bred and well-educated horse-trainer. It's all up with them both the minute they see each other and those ghostly old hands get to work on their shoulders. Katherine abandons her life of ease, not to mention the eligible widower her aunt has picked out for her, to elope with Lucian to his mountain fastness, and though subsequent fine, romantic misunderstandings nearly break up their marriage, everything comes out well enough in the last chapter to satisfy Miss Widdemer's greediest reader.

L. A.

Poetry

SELECTED POEMS. By John Gould Fletcher. Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $2.50.

The literary historian will need this book for his consideration of the Imagist movement, and the philosophical critic will be interested in it as a record of how the revolutionary passes into the commonplace, but the unconditioned reader of poetry will find in it little to attract him. The early poems—"Irradiations," and the various color symphonies—have faded sadly since the days when their loose rhapsodic structure seemed novel and daring; and the formal regularity of the latest poems is merely tired. The way from

In the night the fiery nightingales
Shall clash and trill through the silence:
Like the voices of mermaids crying
From the sea,

to

Give me four walls,
And I will make them paradise;
They shall shine ever in my eyes
For you

is no ascent. The stanza from "Green Symphony" is ornate and confused (the nightingales are brass cymbals, struck together; the mermaids annihilate brass and fire and concussion); the stanza from "The Gifts Demanded" is plain and confused (four walls may be made paradise; but they can hardly shine, not all four at once, in anyone's eyes). One kind of uneasily easy writing has been substituted for another kind in a confusion symptomatic of the book as a whole.

D. F.

Advertisement? You bet.—And a damned good one!

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	Verdict
THE BEAST MUST DIE *Nicholas Blake* *(C. Day Lewis)* (Harpers: $2.)	Crime novelist Felix Lane plots murder as revenge on hit-&-run driver, but it takes Nigel Strangeways to discover who really killed Gloucestershire roadhog.	Extremely ingenious plotting, with Felix Lane's diary leading reader by the nose, provides double surprise in excellent super-literate baffler.	Don't miss it

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Travel

ROUMANIAN JOURNEY. By Sacheverell Sitwell. Scribners. 1938. $3.50.

Mr. Sitwell has properly prefaced his book with the admission that its photographs are its major attraction, and they are magnificent indeed; the author's writing pales beside them, for it is unusually labored here and prolix to pad his four weeks' journey through Rumania. There is too much description of great private houses which cannot be typical, and his sound study of Byzantine influences on Rumanian art is not aided by checking the imported treasures of royalty. The convents, the oil wells, the gypsies, are what we welcome in his book. It is a land of convents, and there is the one of Dintr' un Limn that is more like a harem with its pastel-tinted walls and opulent rugs. There are the most ancient monks of Petropavlovsk, and the self-mutilating Skoptzi, now but a remnant of the original thirty thousand who fled from Russia to become eunuchs in peace. The old churches of Rumania are sweetly frescoed on their exterior walls, and there are many Oriental legacies of custom, such as the glass of water that is served in your bedroom at three in the morning, or the sherbet of roses to put you back to sleep.

Mr. Sitwell met Queen Marie when she was infirm but still vital in her garden at the Castle of Bran, but it was the gypsies that rightly attracted him most, and the Laetzis particularly, those insolent fellows of the mesmeric gaze whom Liszt alone has described in "The Gypsy in Music." They are fire-worshipers, perhaps, and have been formally convicted of cannibalism. The Jews of Bucovina still wear their hats of fox fur, an imposed humiliation in the fifteenth century, but now a prideful sign. Journeying through Bucharest and down to the tropical mouth of the Danube Mr. Sitwell was charmed everywhere by the color and music of the country, and he has made of them a fair commentary for his book's illustrations.

H. D.

AFRICAN MIRAGE. By Hoyningen-Huene. New York: Scribners. 1938. $3.75.

African travel diaries follow an established pattern so closely that only infrequently does one with distinction make its appearance. They are generally filled with the same misunderstandings of primitive cultures and characterized by an almost uniform effort to establish the African Negro as a near relative of the lower anthropoids. Hoyningen-Huene's "African Mirage" is distinctive for its sensitive awareness of the "heroic" side of Africa, and for a collection of photographs which tells everything the text forgets to say. In a literary way the book is ordinary, but the author disclaims both literary and scientific intentions. The photographs are the essence of the book. Technically they are excellent; artistically they are heroic and achieve their every intention. But an indirect value which comes out of the photographs is ethnological. The layman's concept of Africa (a concept few travel books have the merit of dispelling) is that the continent is roughly divided between the Arabs in the north and the Negroes in the south, and that the latter fall into the easy classification of pygmies, giants, and cannibals. The photographic record which constitutes "African Mirage"—the record of the author's trip southward from Egypt to the Belgian Congo and northward into French Equatorial Africa—reveals what an endless flow of travel literature has been unable to show, that there really is a point to travelling in Africa, that there is no "typical" African or African community, and that there is something more to note than ivory, big game, and aggravation over the timeless viewpoint of houseboys and servants. As literature this book may be run-of-the-mill, but as a sharp picture of Africa and Africans it should be looked into.

H. C.

SEPTEMBER
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PERSONALS

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Double-Crostics: No. 231

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

■	1-B	2-E	3-Q	■	4-E	5-F	6-L	7-B	8-U	9-Q	10-A	11-K	12-O	13-S	■
14-T	15-Y	16-L	17-A	■	18-N	19-S	20-G	21-B	22-E	23-I	24-Q	■	25-B	26-W	27-S
28-Y	29-A	■	30-H	31-V	32-P	■	33-R	34-A	35-Q	36-Y	37-T	38-W	39-J	40-X	41-B
42-V	43-M	■	44-D	45-R	■	46-V	47-P	48-D	■	49-F	50-C	51-T	52-I	53-R	■
54-F	55-D	56-E	57-I	■	58-K	59-J	60-X	61-G	■	62-W	63-K	64-L	65-N	■	66-X
67-R	68-T	■	69-V	70-S	■	71-P	72-Q	73-G	74-P	75-X	76-E	■	77-X	78-H	79-O
80-Y	■	81-V	82-S	83-H	84-J	■	85-H	■	86-M	87-J	88-K	89-E	90-R	91-F	92-G
■	93-I	94-W	95-C	96-T	97-U	■	98-N	99-U	100-J	101-C	■	102-L	103-M	104-H	105-W
■	106-N	■	107-A	108-T	109-E	110-W	111-R	■	112-K	113-H	114-L	115-Y	116-J	■	117-P
118-E	119-Q	120-A	■	121-N	122-K	123-I	124-V	125-S	126-D	127-W	■	128-F	129-J	130-I	131-N
132-L	133-U	134-G	135-W	■	136-A	137-J	138-O	139-T	140-U	141-M	■	142-S	143-Y	144-C	145-G
146-R	■	147-L	148-N	■	149-K	150-G	151-J	152-F	■	153-O	154-S	155-C	■	156-G	157-A
158-X	159-F	160-U	161-O	162-B	163-R	■	164-T	165-N	166-I	167-U	168-C	■	■	■	■

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Upbraid.	120 17 107 157 34 10 136 29
B. Start.	41 162 1 21 7 25
C. Development.	101 95 50 144 155 168
D. Pertaining to the dawn.	48 44 55 126
E. Evangelistic meetings.	89 76 56 2 118 109 4 22
F. Struck with resounding blows (colloq.).	49 54 5 159 128 91 152
G. Called into question.	150 134 156 73 61 145 20 92
H. Republic on Baltic Sea.	113 85 30 104 78 83
I. Neck-hole in guillotine.	52 166 130 23 93 123 57
J. Aim.	129 100 39 87 151 84 137 59 116
K. Mild and gracious.	88 112 149 122 11 58 63
L. Uttered; declaimed.	6 114 16 147 102 64 132
M. Proverbs, maxims.	141 103 86 43
N. Victorian poet.	18 165 148 98 65 106 121 131
O. Game played with numbered cards.	12 153 79 138 161
P. Yellow color.	117 71 47 32 74
Q. Ejected.	72 35 3 9 119 24
R. Spreads; circulates.	53 90 33 45 67 146 111 163
S. Not yet mature.	13 125 154 142 82 70 27 19
T. Snickered.	164 139 14 68 96 51 108 37
U. Published form of a literary work.	140 97 99 167 160 133 8
V. Not at all.	42 69 81 31 124 46
W. Attributes, as to a cause.	38 135 110 26 94 62 105 127
X. In no manner or degree.	60 66 77 40 75 158
Y. Projected.	28 80 15 143 115 36

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Old Q. is again in hot water. He dropped a brick in the August 13 issue. Numerous indignant Southerners have written to remark that it's the Atlanta *Journal* (not the *Constitution*) which uses the slogan "covers *Dixie* like the dew." ☞Sorry; particularly sorry, because the Editor of this *Review* (now off on vacation) is himself a Georgian and will probably fire us when he gets back next week. ☞The Wordsworths and their friends appear in two books announced for September: *William and Dorothy,* a novel by Helen Ashton (Macmillan), and *Farewell the Banner,* a three-sided biography (of Coleridge and William and Dorothy) by Frances Winwar (Doubleday). ☞There must still be a lot of readers who never knew, or have forgotten, how odd a fish Sam Coleridge was. The episode of his enlistment in the dragoons (under the name of Silas Tomkyn Comberbacke) is one of the most curious imaginable. ☞While the proprietors of the John Mistletoe Bookshop (Albany) were on vacation in Nantucket, their landlord was building them an additional room for children's books. ☞Speaking of landlords, even an apartment-lease in Manhattan can show suggestions of literary romance. Our youngest *Saturday Review* mermaid showed us her new housing contract, one of the lessors being George Victor Robert John Innes-Ker, Duke of Roxburghe. And she exclaimed joyously that the apartment has some grand built-in bookshelves. ☞Well naturally, we rejoiced. One of your lessor's forebears had one of the world's most famous book collections, the Roxburghe Library. We don't know when the Dukes of Roxburghe went in for Manhattan real estate, but surely for sentimental tradition they should put in bookshelves in all their messuages. ☞We spoke of a highly entertaining mystery story, *Mr. Zero,* by Patricia Wentworth. This, we learn, is the pen name of a lady who was the daughter of a British general and is the wife of a British colonel. ☞We shall be sorry when the warm weather ends and the styles change and we can no longer get our amusement watching the ladies' silk-stockinged heels lifting daintily in their slippers as they go clickety along the Avenue. ☞It always makes us think of a delicious poem by James Elroy Flecker, *Pannyra of the Golden Heel.*

☞One of the pleasantest readings lately was the preface written by Señor Don Pedro Salinas for his volume *Lost Angel and Other Poems,* translated from the Spanish by Eleanor L. Turnbull (Johns Hopkins Press). Señor Salinas (who has been visiting professor in several North American universities since 1936) is much struck by the fact that the New York *Times* prints one poem every day. "How delightfully moving and ironical," he says. "It is one of the most delicate things that can be pointed out to a stranger, in that city of implacable geometry. . . . The daily presence of a poem in the secret shelter of that enormous periodical, is for me a perfect symbol."

☞Our friends Bill Colescott and John Cullen plan to open a bookshop (named for Franklin) at 107 South 12 St., Philadelphia, on September 1st. They will specialize in secondhand and all varieties of rare, special, and underdone. John Cullen is the son of the well known Philly secondhander Jerry Cullen. Good luck, boys; we hope your first customer will be some reader of Trade Winds. ☞We are still watching the water, off the end of the pier, to see if Peter M'Nab comes up. He dived in when he wrote (in a magazine called *Voices)* "No intelligent man, in tune with his age, can think of Keats as a great poet. Not at this stage of the game." ☞If this is so we've all been dreadfully had; we'd better sew some piglead to our shirttail and follow Mr. M'Nab off the stringpiece. ☞It's not any man's business to be in tune with his age. The hell with it; let the age use the tuning fork. ☞We made the mistake of telling a visitor to meet us at the Armillary Sphere on Fifth Avenue (there is one) and he went to the Zoo instead. ☞Pleased to see that Alfred Knopf plans to go to town on the new Hogben *(Science for the Citizen)* which, even more than *Mathematics for the Million,* is a book of potentially enormous circulation. A little swimming around in an advance copy of that book is an intellectual picnic; you can take supper on its broad beaches of speculation and watch the bonfire shine against the dark.

☞The alert Children's Book Shop of 293 Alexander Street, Rochester, N. Y., has an attractive card which it sends to young customers on their birthdays. It shows a large birthday cake surrounded by famous characters in juvenile literature; and for each recipient Mrs. Meyers of the Book Shop fills in the date and lights (with red ink) the correct number of candles. ☞Mrs. W. J. Cole of Fond du Lac (Wis.) writes that the Public Library of that city is also on the road on wheels, visiting suburban cottages to lend volumes by bookmobile. ☞Old Q. and an engineering friend have been considering peddling books with a fleet of those delightful tricycles that sell Good Humors. ☞Among recent correspondence Old Q. was much pleased by a letter from Mrs. Mabel Posegate of Cincinnati (Poet Laureate of Ohio) sympathizing with our humid weather.

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